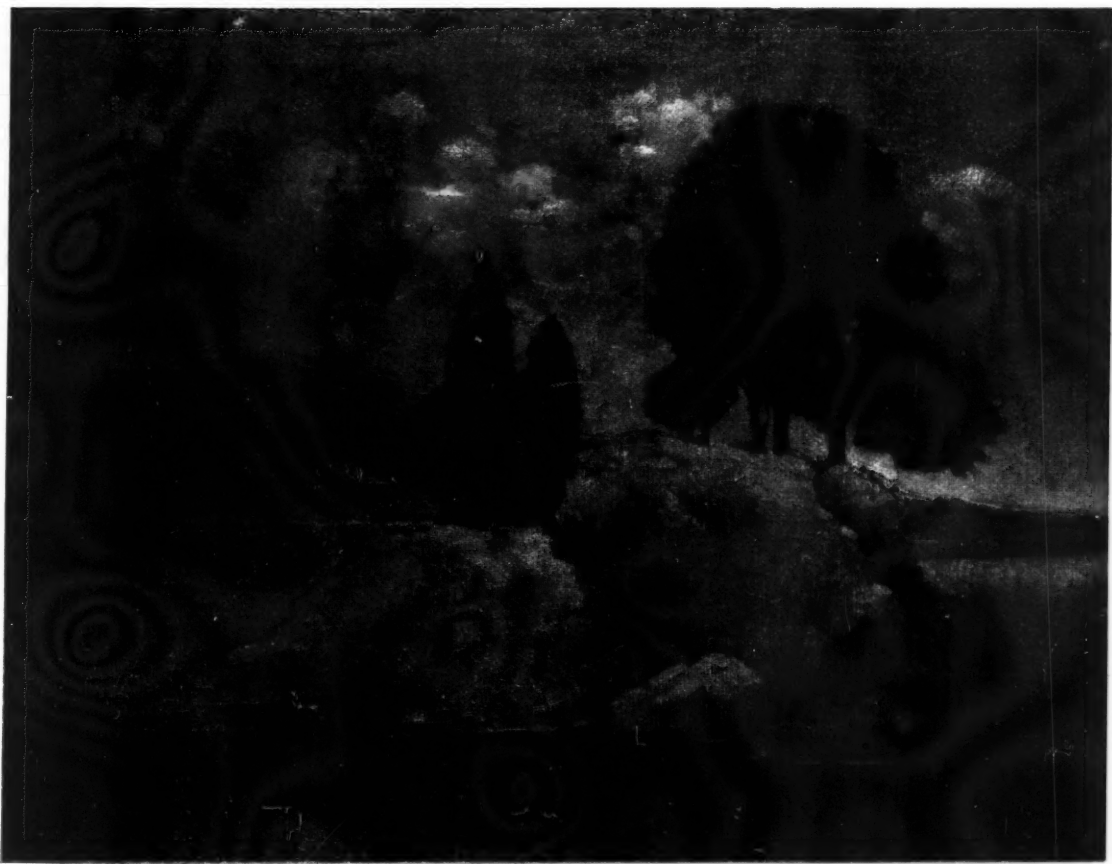


# *The* SILENT WORKER

Vol. 36. No. 1

October, 1923

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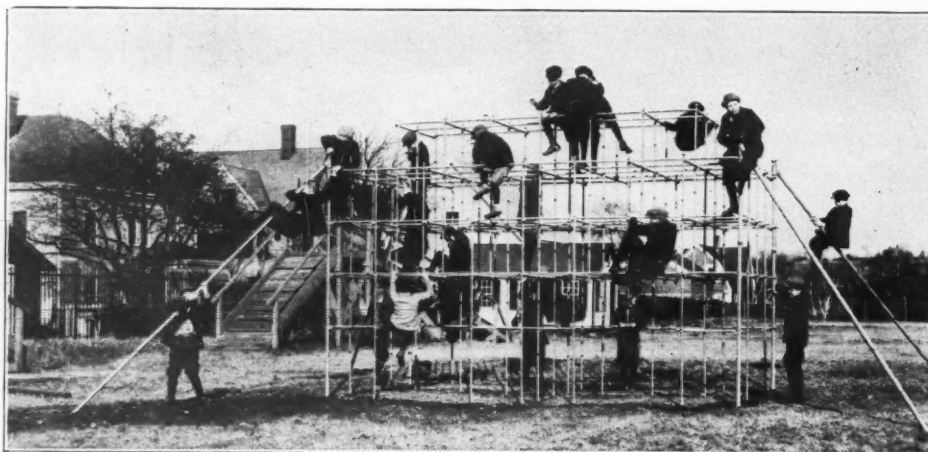
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*After a Painting by Kelly Stevens*

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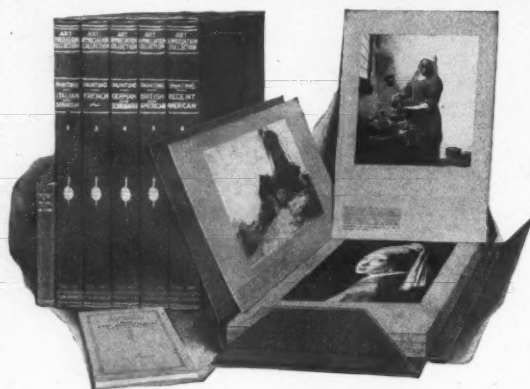
## JUNGLEGYM

### A Play Apparatus---Not An Amusement Device



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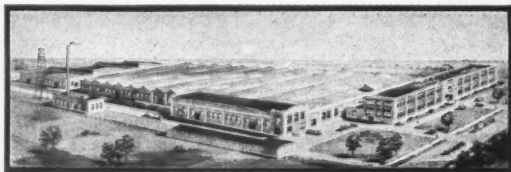
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*a college magazine*

Published by the Undergraduates  
*of*

Gallaudet College

*The only college for the Deaf  
in the world*

*The Buff and Blue is a literary publication containing short stories, essays, and verse, contributed by students and Alumni. The Athletics, Alumni and Local departments and the Kappa Gamma Fraternity notes are of great interest to those following Gallaudet activities.*

*Every deaf person should be a reader of the Buff and Blue. Subscription \$1.25 a year.*

Gallaudet College  
Washington, D. C.

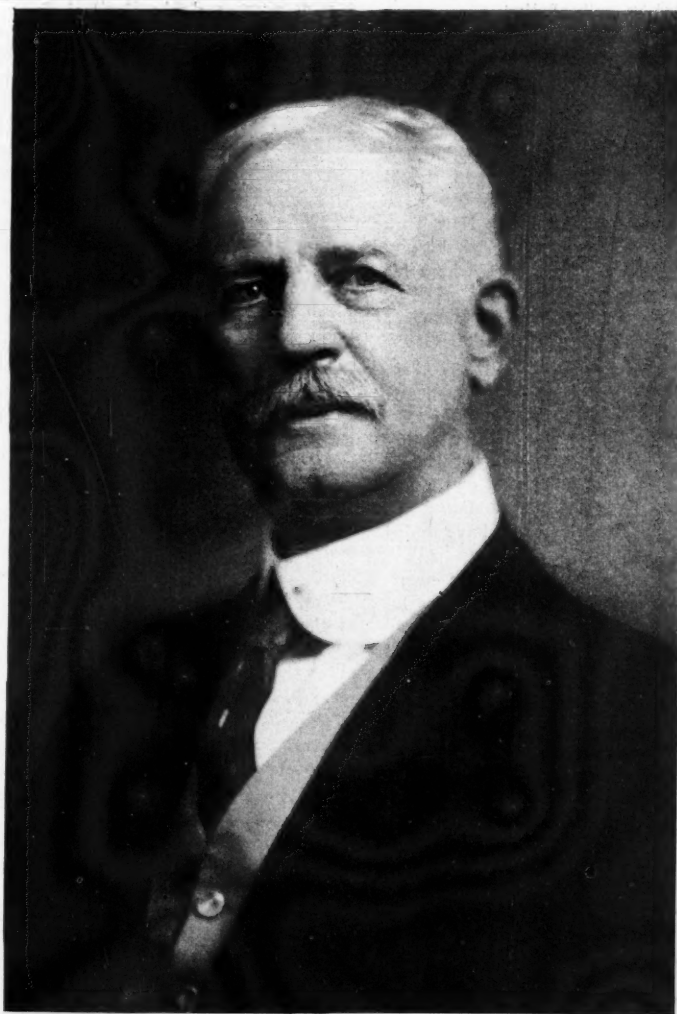
# *The Silent Worker*

*An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World*

Volume 36. No. 1

Trenton, N. J., October, 1923

25 cents a Copy



EDWARD ALLEN FAY, M.A., Litt.D., Sc.D., Ph.D.  
Another Prominent Educator of the Deaf Passes Away  
(See next Page)



## Dr. Fay, Educator of the Deaf, Dies

Was 57 Years With Gallaudet College  
and Widely Known



EDWARD ALLEN FAY, one of the oldest and most prominent educators of the deaf, died at his home, 3 Kendall Green, July 14th, after a long illness.

Dr. Fay was for fifty-seven years connected with the Gallaudet College, formerly called the National Deaf Mute College, as vice president and professor of modern languages. His reputation as a writer upon matters relating to the deaf was worldwide, and his books and articles relating to their education was regarded as authoritative.

Dr. Fay was the son of Rev. Barnabas Fay, a Congregational minister, and of Louise Mills, and was born in Morristown, N. J., November 22, 1843. In the year 1851 his father moved to Michigan, where he founded and became principal of the first school for the deaf in that state. Having grown up among the deaf, a master of the sign language, it was natural that Dr. Fay, after graduating from the University of Michigan, should take up the work in which he was active until his death. In 1862, Dr. Fay accepted a position as teacher in the New York Institution for the Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, one of the best known schools for the deaf in the United States, where his work was so acceptable that three years later he was asked by Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet to accept the chair of modern languages at the National Deaf-Mute College, Kendall Green, now Gallaudet College.

### MANY YEARS VICE PRESIDENT

This position he held until 1920, when failing health compelled him to lessen his duties. For many years, besides his work as a teacher, Dr. Fay acted as vice-president of the college, and by his wise advice and judgment in formulating and carrying out policies of education is considered to have added much to the success of the institution.

Since his retirement from active service he has been emeritus professor, giving such time and work to the college as his strength permitted.

Dr. Fay is widely known as the author of the "History of American Schools for the Deaf," and of "Marriages of the Deaf," a study in heredity which elicited the warmest praise from the late Alexander Graham Bell. He has also contributed numerous articles to magazines, mostly relating to the education of the deaf. Outside of his particular field—that of education of the deaf—Dr. Fay was well known among Italian scholars as the author of the "Concordance of the Divina Commedia." Following the publication of this book, Johns Hopkins University conferred upon him the degree of doctor of philosophy. In 1912 the University of Michigan gave him the degree of doctor of science, and in 1916 Gallaudet College gave him the degree of doctor of letters.

### PROMINENT IN CLUBS

Dr. Fay was a member of the Literary Society of Washington, a founder and member of the Dante Club of Cambridge, of Alpha Delta Phi, of Phi Beta Kappa, and of the Cosmos Club. For many years he was a member of and leader in All Soul's Unitarian Church of this city.

In 1871 Dr. Fay married Miss Mary Bradshaw of Brooklyn, N. Y.

He is survived by his widow and four of their seven children: Helen Fay, Sidney B. Fay, Theodore B. Fay and Percival Fay. —*The Sunday Star, Washington, D. C., July 15.*

## Autumn Days

BY A VAGABOND OF THE HILLS



UTUMN has waved her magic scepter over our fields, forest clad hills and lofty peaks, and the most glorious season of the year, with its thrill and appeal, for even sordid souls, is at hand. The middle of the days are still suggestive of summer's heat, but with morning's dawn and evening twilight, there comes the delightful, invigorating coolness which stirs the blood and compels one to draw deep breaths with infinite satisfaction.

Few other sections of the country are so favored by climatic conditions that give an Autumn to be compared to Utah in beauty and opportunity for enjoyment of God's great outdoors at its very best.

The messengers of the Frost King have so far refrained from entering the valleys, and in many places summer flowers are still blooming side by side with those of fall, while apple and peach tree boughs are bending low, awaiting the picker's hand.

Right now it is worth your time and effort to visit the canyons and hike to the upper ranges of the hills. A wizard's brush has touched the foliage, and the combined skill of all the great masters cannot equal the intricate mantle of gorgeous, blending colors which Nature has given her possessions.

Get out in the afternoon; camp out; exult in the glow of the open fire—enjoy the warmth of winter blankets in October, and arise in time to witness the coming of the dawn.

High in the eastern skies the winter constellations are already burning. A genuine chill pervades the atmosphere of the old camp site, but, with the coming of the sun, the early frosts soon disappear, and a few birds that have not yet heeded the migratory call of the south, break bravely into song, altho their nests have long been tenantless.

The long, wonderful Indian summer has wrapt the land in a purple haze, and even after the loftier peaks are crowned with a diadem of snow, and the advance guard of King Winter is established, the valleys, for weeks, will be gladdened with warm and glowing flowers, garnered sheaves and shocks of corn.

Yes, Utah's autumns are picture pages in the Eternal Book of the Master Artist. Once seen and studied, they leave an impression which is imperishable and uplifting.

And I see again in fancy,  
Thru the cool and dusky morn,  
All the rusty, ragged wigwags  
Of the shocked and frosty corn  
And I almost start to whistle  
Ere my recollection clears  
To the bob white that is calling  
Thru the dead and vanished years.

Oh, my heart is sad and weary  
And I long to fall asleep  
Where these visions ne'er can taunt me,  
In a slumber long and deep—  
When October's haze comes creeping  
O'er the fields of stubbled grain,  
And the tints of gold and crimson  
Mount the aspen's boughs again.

### HE'S JUST AS SHARKY

When many a feller travels,  
He's fussed throughout the trip,  
Because he can't get off his mind,  
What he's got on his hip.

—*The Vivifier.*



# Dumb Laird's Tower

*Famous Old Duntreath Castle Near Glasgow,  
Scotland, in which Dumb Laird was confined,  
supposed to be haunted*

(Copyright 1923, and Published by Permission of the New York Sunday American)



THE APPROACHING marriage of Miss Gwendolyn Marshall Field and Charles Edmonstone will make a noted American heiress mistress of a historic ancient castle that is haunted by a grewsome mystery.

Miss Field is the granddaughter of the late Marshall Field, the multi-millionaire Chicago merchant, and daughter of the late Marshall Field, Jr. Her mother moved to England some years ago with her children and other members of the Field family, and married a well-known English banker, Maldwin Drummond. The young bride, who is very pretty and charming, will inherit a large share of a fortune that has been estimated at \$50,000,000.

The bridegroom is the son and heir of Sir Archibald Edmonstone, baronet, head of one of the oldest Scottish families. He is a promising and handsome young army officer, twenty-four years old. Many of his family are now prominent in English public life and society, and his aunt is the distinguished and fascinating Mrs. George Keppel, who played such an important role in London life during the reign of King Edward VII.

The wealth and beauty of the bride and the rank and brilliant prospects of the bridegroom have aroused renewed interest in the thrilling mystery that clings about the young man's ancient family castle. Will it cast a shadow upon the fair young bride?

The Edmonstones have held their ancestral home, Duntreath Castle, near Glasgow, for over 700 years. It is a splendid, though weatherbeaten, group of buildings of very picturesque appearance, with towers, turrets, battlements, drawbridges and a moat. In fact, it is a fine example of a romantic medieval castle.

The lives of the Scotch nobility were extremely violent, bloodstained and perilous in ancient times—in fact, down to the end of the eighteenth century. Many families made private war upon one another. The members of one household having a quarrel with another often attacked their enemy's house, burned it down in the night, and destroyed every man, woman and child in it. The ferocity of Scotch feudal warfare is famous and furnishes many thrilling pages in Sir Walter Scott's works. A fortified dwelling like that of the Edmonstones was, therefore, essential to the enjoyment of any security.

One of the many towers of Duntreath Castle is called the "Dumb Laird's Tower." The mystery already mentioned is associated with a dungeon in the upper part of this tower. Even to-day it is said that the inhuman groans and shrieks of the unhappy creature who was once imprisoned here are sometimes heard echoing down the long stone corridors in the darkness of the night. Belated countrymen passing the house declare they have heard them.

According to the legend, Sir James Edmonstone, who was head of the family in the reign of King James I, had two sons, the older of whom was deaf and dumb from birth. In those days, when the heir of a great family and estates came into the world cursed with an affliction that

disqualified him for the rule of his turbulent family and the administration of the family property, he was sometimes deprived of his birthright and usually imprisoned in a remote corner of one of the family castles.

When old Sir James Edmonstone of King James' day found that his oldest son was hopelessly deaf and dumb, he had him locked up for the rest of his life in what has since been called "Dumb Laird's Tower," and appointed his younger son heir to his estate. The older boy was ten years old when it was decided that he would never be able to speak. It was announced that the boy had died and a funeral service was held over his coffin, but it contained no body.

From that time until the end of a long life he was shut up in his dungeon. No servant was ever allowed to speak to him or see him. His food was thrust in through a little iron door in the wall, which was immediately closed up again.

From time to time his father, it was believed, used to go into the room to see him. What the old man did or said is only guessed at. Was he torn with anguish at his cruelty, or did he revile his own son for his misfortune?

The old lord died a miserable, embittered man, worn out, perhaps, by remorse and haunting fear of the son whom he had condemned to life-long torture. When the old man died he left the property and the burden of keeping his older son in prison to his young son. The old man charged his son that for the honor of the family he must never weaken, must never be tempted to show any mercy to his brother.

The younger son accepted the property and the painful task imposed upon him and kept his brother locked up until he died. It is believed that this younger brother, whose name was Charles, always carried food to his brother and attended to his wants himself. There were strange stories abroad in the countryside of what happened at the castle in this period. The country people said that they could hear strange yells such as a "deaf and dumb" man is usually able to utter, resounding from the castle windows during the night. Once it was said he escaped, with the aid of a sympathetic servant, but was caught by his brother with the help of bloodhounds, and after that chained to the wall in his dungeon.

It is certain that, in spite of all efforts of secrecy, the knowledge that there was a hidden prisoner in the castle, became known to the people of the neighborhood long ago. This is proved by the name of the "Dumb Laird's Tower," which has been used for centuries.

A man who had been a servant in the castle and had left it described on his deathbed how he had once obtained a glimpse into the secret room. He said the servants in the castle generally suspected that a secret room existed, but few ventured to try to discover it, for if the lord had caught them they feared he would have killed them. In the younger servant, however, curiosity became greater than fear. One day he noted that his lord had mounted the winding stairway of the tower on his way to what

the servant thought must be the secret room. The young man ran out on the roof by another stairway and climbed up to the battlements of the tower. Then he let himself down until he could peep through a barred window near the top of the tower. Inside he saw the lord of the castle, wearing the robes of a magistrate of that day, seated upon a bench. At his feet was a miserable, ill-kept, man kneeling, wringing his hands and begging in sign language for mercy. This was evidently the deaf and dumb brother. The observer thought that in spite of the prisoner's affliction he was of good intelligence and naturally desired to be able to enjoy freedom and life in the outside world. He was dumbly begging his brother for mercy, but family pride dictated that he must be condemned to hopeless life-long imprisonment.

"The expression of the prisoner was heart-rending," said the servant in his dying confession. "The lord of our castle looked hard-hearted, but unhappy, as though he were refusing something that he ought to grant. I never saw so sad a sight. I was in great haste to escape and feared much that my lord would see me. I enjoyed neither rest nor sleep until I quitted that accursed house forever."

Now and then a pitiful, appealing face with unkempt and disheveled hair appeared at the grated window of the tower, and with outstretched hand and inarticulate utterances alarmed the retainers of the old Scotch Lord's estate.

It is often said that a curse fell on the castle and the Edmonstone family in consequence of the cruel fate of the dumb prisoner. It cannot be said that financial misfortunes have affected them, for they have maintained their position at the head of society for hundreds of years. The curse, if there is any, takes the form of the untimely death of the oldest son of the family. For instance, Charles Edmonstone, who is about to marry the American heiress, had an older brother, who was originally heir to the title and estates. He was killed in the late war when a mere youth, leaving Miss Field's fiance successor to his position. Some kind of misfortune is said to have happened to the oldest son in many generations of the Edmonstone family since the tragedy of the "Dumb Laird's Tower."

## Mrs. Mills Retires From Active Service

American Presbyterian Mission  
Chefoo, China, April, 1923.

*To the Friends of the Charles Rogers Mills School for the Deaf,*

DEAR FRIENDS:—We wish to inform you that Mrs. A. T. Mills, the founder and Principal of the School is retiring from active service, as she will reach the mission retiring age of 70 years on July 20th, of this year.

In view of this event and the long service and activities of Mrs. Mills in connection with the school, the Chefoo Station is presenting to the Mission the following resolution of appreciation:

"As the artist who has completed his picture puts up his palette, and the writer who has written *Finis* to the manuscript upon which he has labored long, lays down his pen with satisfaction; so to the members of the Mission who, having fulfilled their period of service, relinquish their tools, there must come feelings of deep gratification. Especially is this so when they can see as a result of their labors an institution founded, housed, and equipped to carry on the ideas for which they have struggled and prayed.

Mrs. A. T. Mills during her thirty-eight years of residence in China has rendered a unique contribution to the Kingdom in her service to the deaf and her efforts for their education. She was the pioneer in this work. Believing in it with all her soul she has by her devotion made others believe in it too, until today the School for the Deaf stands the embodiment of the beautiful thought of care for the afflicted and an unanswerable argument for the love of Christ.

For many years Mrs. Mills was compelled to carry on the work without the help of the Board. She did not falter, however, but showed vision and courage and faith far beyond the ordinary. The fact the School for the Deaf is so beautifully located and so well provided with land, residences and school buildings is preeminently due to the abundant labors of its founder.

Now that her work is completed and it is necessary for her to withdraw from the institution which she has fostered so many years, the station desires to pay its tribute to her long painstaking devotion to the interests so near to her heart, and to the Saviour's heart and to wish Mrs. Mills, "in life's well earned evening after toil, many years of peace and joy."

The school will continue to go on under the efficient charge of Miss A. E. Carter who has been associated with Mrs. Mills for many years and who has been the vice-principal of the school.

The school continues to look to its many friends for their interest and support, toward which its generous friends have contributed about one-half of the funds needed, the other half being provided by the yearly interest accruing from the partial endowment which Mrs. Mills secured some years ago.

It will be convenient to have all cheques for gifts made out to the Treasurer of the School for the Deaf, or to the Station Treasurer, American Presbyterian Mission.

THE SECRETARY.

### SENSITIVE

"Willie is so sensitive."

"Really?"

"Exceedingly so. When Papa kicked him down the steps the last time he didn't call again for three weeks."



MARCUS H. MARKS  
New York  
Lithograph Artist

A. L. PACH PHOTO.

# ANGELENOGRAMS

By AUGUSTA K. BARRETT

## SIC TRANSIT

The great men pass, for those who held high places  
And do great deeds no lien on life may hold;  
The trumpet call goes ringing through vast spaces,  
And all too swiftly life's brief tale is told.  
The great men pass, and we are left to wonder,  
What of the future which they may not share  
Great tasks unfinished, great plans torn asunder,  
Chaos! the master hand no longer there.

The great men pass but soon a swift tomorrow  
Raises new idols for the empty thrones;  
The structure stands! it even seems to borrow  
New grace and beauty from the shining stones.  
Which, strong and sturdy fill the empty corners,  
And to the work new hopes, new efforts bring  
While we who yesterday were sad-eyed mourners,  
Take heart, the King is dead! Long live the King!  
—Helen Combes.



IN LOS ANGELES the down town streets were already gaily decorated for the reception of the late President. The newspapers had already printed the program for August 4. There was to be a wonderful parade in the morning, and in the evening the President was to formally open the Coliseum and give an address there.

When the news of his illness came, these plans were all abandoned, but the flags and banners still waved during those next tense days. These disappeared overnight with the announcement of his death and were replaced by the flags at half-mast and black and white mourning drapery. The Monroe Centennial, which was going to wind up in a great blaze of glory that Saturday night closed quietly and decorously. The committee then had the strange and sad task of arranging a procession and various public memorial services on Friday, August 10. The big stores and offices were closed all day, while all others were closed from 12 to 2 p.m., the Pacific Coast time corresponding to the hours of the funeral at Marion. What an unusual experience it was! Gay Los Angeles, proudly decorated and prepared to entertain President Harding and changed to a city holding memorial services.

The "tumult and the shouting" has died, the "captains and the kings" have departed from Marion, and all these reflections lead me to that beautiful verse by the Preacher, in Ecclesiastes:

**I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all.**

❖ ❖

All conventions follow a more or less set routine and it is not my intentions to go into every detail regarding the convention of the California Association of the Deaf, in Los Angeles, on July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

The pioneer Committee on Arrangements, (pioneer is right because a convention of the C. A. D. had never been held in Los Angeles) was against various problems. They had to finance the Convention, no small item in these days, there were no precedents to go by, and there was the unsolved question of whether the attendance would be large enough to make it a success. They hoped that it would be reasonably successful, so they are delighted at the universal verdict that it was the most successful convention in the history of the Association. As it was held under the auspices of the Los Angeles Branch of the N. A. D., with which the C. A. D. is affiliated of Miss Lenore Bible, chairman, President Matheis, Mrs. Mary Allison Bingham, Mrs. Augusta K. Barrett, Messrs. Leslie Ross and Levi Larson.

During a chat with my confrere Mr. Howson, I remarked that he could write a better account of the convention, as he could get a better perspective than I who had been close to all the preliminary arrangements. We cannot see ourselves as others see us, you know. He said our accounts would not be alike which will remain for the readers to find out.

The delegates began arriving Saturday afternoon June 30 and that evening, a big crowd was present at the headquarters at the Walker Auditorium on Grand Avenue. Many of them later visited the clubs, the L. A. Silent Club, and the Sunnyside Club. Sunday afternoon was the ball game, the great event of the athletes, fans and sports. Although the Oakland Baseball Team had been heralded as the stronger team it was defeated by the score of 12 to 11. This was witnessed by a crowd of four or five hundred.

I shall briefly glance at the recreation features all of which brought out big crowds. One estimate of the visitors was that there were 200 and with the 500 or more local deaf, the gathering reached the size of N. A. D. Conventions.

Sunday evening was spent at the beach cities of Venice and Ocean Park. Monday afternoon the guests were given an automobile sight seeing trip; giving them an opportunity to see "America's play ground" as Los Angeles is often called.

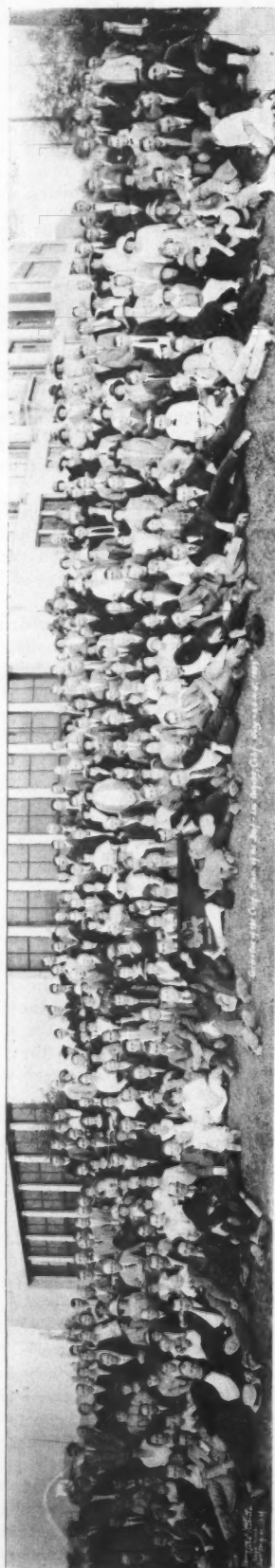
A grand reception was held Monday night at the Masonic Temple, corner of Pico and Figueroa Streets. The evening was quite warm for Los Angeles, and when it began to grow exciting with the "Queen Contest", the committee was right there serving plenty of orange punch. The contest began with the names of some popular and beautiful girls and women as contestants. It finally grew into an exciting contest between Miss Mary Taylor of San Francisco and Miss Grenman of Los Angeles. Miss Taylor won, receiving \$56 which was one-third of the sum realized. The rest went to the Local Committee, who needed some assistance in defraying the heavy Convention expenses and the balance went to the C. A. D. fund.

The Los Angeles Bowling Alley was the scene of a bowling contest Tuesday night between the Northern and Southern Bowling teams. The seats were all occupied by deaf fans, who as usual gave part of their attention to the game and part to chatting among themselves. The contest lasted about three hours and was won by Los Angeles. Out of the four contests we lost only two. While San Francisco carried away the fair Queen, we kept the purse so there was really no cause for weeping!

There were two picnics on July 4, that of the Los Angeles Silent Club at Brookside Park, Pasadena, and that of the Sunnyside Club at Topanga Canyon, outside of Santa Monica. I was told the former picnic was attended by 400 or more, and that they had a fine program of sports and a game of indoor baseball between Northern and Southern teams, at which the Northern boys won by the score of 9 to 6. Cash prizes were given to the winners in all these Athletic contests. All reports say it was a great success, and I am perfectly willing to believe this. I went to the picnic at Topanga Beach, and that was a very enjoyable one, too. My duty had been done to Brookside in the past by going to two picnics there, so this time my preference was for the beach and the cool breezes of the azure Pacific. This particular beach is near the cabin of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Roberts. It is a picturesque place in the Santa Monica mountains, that region



## Convention of the California State Association of the Deaf



Los Angeles, California, July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 1923

of which it is said "where the Santa Monica mountains meet the sea." These mountains belong to the U. S. Government, which leases sites to persons wishing to build cabins there for summer homes. A few years ago when Mr. and Mrs. Roberts built their cabin there it was the only one in that vicinity, but there are now many others clinging to the mountain sides.

Now I shall turn to the business sections of the convention. Monday morning, July 2, at 9:30, the Board of Directors of the California Association met in Maple Hall, in the Fraternal Brotherhood Building, 845 So. Figueroa Street. After their session the convention was called to order by President Matheis and opened with the following program:

Address of Welcome—Waldo H. Robert, Vice-President of L. A. Branch N. A. D.

Response—Oscar Quire, Secretary of California Association of the Deaf.

President's message—Melville J. Matheis.

Address—A. R. Heron, Deputy Director State of California, Department of Education.

Appointment of Committees.

President Matheis was fortunate in securing the principal speaker Mr. Heron. His address was interpreted by Miss Bessie Reaves, a wonderful interpreter, who is a daughter of deaf parents. Mr. Heron's department had made a fight against the Governor's budget, and he commanded Mr. Matheis for his co-operation with them. He was emphatic in urging the Association to continue its efforts in securing better conditions for the California School for the Deaf at Berkeley.

Tuesday there were two business sessions or rather one, as only a short intermission was granted at noon for lunch. The morning was consumed by the reports of officers and the report of the Resolutions Committee. They were all adopted and as they have been given to the public in the Deaf Mutes Journal need not be repeated here.

The California Association elects its officers by a mail vote, a good thing in a big state like this. During the last afternoon the nominations for officers were made. The following are the candidates:

Mrs. Howard L. Terry for President, Dick Kaiser for First Vice-President, Melville J. Matheis and Lenore Bible for Second Vice-President; Mrs. W. F. Schneider for Secretary, D. L. Glidden for Treasurer. There were also nine persons nominated for the Board of Directors, out of which six will be chosen. At this writing the result of the mail vote is not known, but where there was only one candidate for an office that one was probably elected. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to various unfinished business and discussions thereon. Finally everything was arranged satisfactory and the convention adjourned at 5 o'clock. The place for the next Convention was not decided. San Diego is said to be a candidate for that honor, and certainly there should be another Convention in Southern California.

Another great day dawned, July 5, the day added for the visit to the Monroe Picture Centennial and Motion Picture Exposition at Exposition Park. The Local Committee knew that the Day had been named in honor of the Convention but no one thought to ask what the day would be called. While on the Exposition grounds I stopped to read a pastor of announcements—Children's Day—Jackie Coogan,—Visit of Latin American Diplomats—Deaf and Dumb Day. Shades of Dr. Bell and Gardiner Hubbard! After all these years of propaganda by the oralists, a great Exposition creates a "Deaf and Dumb Day," and it is given publicity in the newspapers and the official program. Thus officially labeled "Deaf and Dumb," I felt I would not be expected to do any lip reading stunts. And would you believe it, a short



time afterwards I made quite a "find." I had stopped near the main entrance to the Coliseum to ask a uniformed guard on duty about the afternoon's performance. He wrote, "Free show at 3 p.m." I asked "Is it good?" and he spelled "Very good," using the manual alphabet. Prompted by my companions I asked a few more questions and he replied by spelling. I felt this was another victory for the combined method—first a "Deaf and Dumb Day" and then a guard who knew the Manual Alphabet and was not shamed to use it!

Perhaps in a later article I shall go more into detail about the Exposition, the exhibits, and Exposition Park which bears that name because there are three large permanent museums located there.

A large party of the deaf were on hand for the "Free Show" in the Coliseum. The immense place made me think of the gladiatorial combats in the Roman amphitheatre, indeed it was to be even greater than the Coliseum of antiquity and the Olympic games of 1932 are to be held there.

The show was really a good one consisting of various



Photo by Earl McAdam  
VICTORS IN GAME JULY 1st. BETWEEN LOS ANGELES AND OAKLAND

Standing, left to right—Dunlap (sub pitcher), Woods, I. f.; McGinness, r. f.; Martin, 1st b. capt.; Herbold, s. s.; Stanley, 3rd b. Sitting, left to right—Kell, p.; Burson, 2nd b.; Beecher, c. f.; Brooks, c.

stunts. Those I remember are: The flying Codonas, the world's greatest flying return act, direct from Europe; the celebrated Pander Troupe of French pantomime clowns; the famous 30 horse Equi-Curriculum composed horses from the Muaczkowski Circus, Warsaw, Poland, the first appearance in America of these greatest of all highly educated equines in the world; the Flying Floyds, America's Aerialists Supreme; Tom Kirnan, Undisputed Champion Trick Rider of the World and his congress of Trick Riders; and lastly an automobile from which there alighted the child celebrity Jackie Coogan, with his father and mother. The crowd cheered and waved as he made his way to the children's section. He is even smaller than he looked on the screen and his face not so expressive. Of course, he was soon whisked away but seen again later in the afternoon having his picture "took" holding two of President Monroe's revolvers. I wonder what will be the future of this boy deprived of a normal and happy childhood.

The party now scattered to wander over the grounds and inspect the exhibits. Most of them came together again at lunch in the cafeteria, and decided to go to the night performance in the Coliseum to which an admission fee was charged. The stunts we had seen in the afternoon were given again during the necessary time that elapsed in the preparation of the pageants and ballets on the immense stage. The ballets prepared by Theodore Kasloff, eminent Russian dancer were, The Ballet, The Motion Picture, The Aztecs. The pageants, in each of which were many characters were: The First Natives, The Landing of Columbus, The Saving

of the Mission (San Diego); Washington Taking Command of the Continental Army. The fifth Tableau was "The Monroe Doctrine."

#### THE MONROE DOCTRINE

##### Synopsis.

President James Monroe, in his message to Congress of December 2nd, 1823, proclaimed the independence from all foreign sovereignty of the North American Continent and insisted upon selfgovernment of its people. This was known as the Monroe Doctrine. Daniel Webster came to the President's defence, and an argument ensued between John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, and Baron Tuiyl, the Russian Minister. It was then that Mr. Adams declared: "We shall contest the right of Russia to any territorial establishment on this Continent. We assume that the American Continent is no longer a subject for new colonial establishments by European nations."

##### CHARACTERS

A Dancer .....	Eddie Mathewes
President James Monroe .....	Mr. Nigel De Brullier
Daniel Webster .....	Mr. William Mong
John Quincy Adams .....	Mr. William Humphries
Baron Tuiyl (Russian Minister) .....	Mr. Eric Mayne
	Mujicks, Cossacks
Russian Singers, Russian Peasants,	
American Soldiers, etc.	

##### SIXTH TABLEAU

#### EMANCIPATION OF THE SOUTH

##### Synopsis.

Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated on March 4th, 1861, and on the 22nd day of September, 1862, he issued a proclamation freeing all slaves and persons in involuntary servitude in the United States after New Year's 1863. By this a total of 3,063,392 negroes were liberated from confederate bondage.

"In giving freedom to the slave we assure freedom to the free,—honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve."

##### CHARACTERS

Abraham Lincoln .....	Mr. George Billings
General Robert E. Lee .....	Mr. Clarence Geldert
General Ulysses Grant .....	Mr. Wilfred Lucas
General Stonewall Jackson .....	Mr. Harry Myers
General W. T. Sherman .....	Mr. Joseph Dowling
THE SPIRIT OF PEACE .....	Miss Ora Carewe
A Dancer .....	Eddie Mathewes
Dancers, Townspeople, Beaux and Belles, Guests,	
Singers, Minstrels, Picaninnies and soldiers.	

The next number was the drama, "Montezuma" or "The Last Days of the Aztecs," a spectacular production depicting "The Invasion and Over throw of the Imperial Aztec Capital by Hernando Cortez and his Adventurous Spanish Conquerors. The end of the drama, the battle scene and fall of Montezuma and eruption of the volcano Popocatepetl was accompanied by a wonderful fireworks display. It could truly be said that the C. A D. Convention ended in a great blaze of glory!

#### RESTRICTION AGAINST DEAF MOTORISTS IN PENNSYLVANIA REMOVED BY ACT OF LEGISLATURE

The Williams Motor Bill containing provision for deaf operators of Motor Vehicles has passed the Legislature. The vote in the House was 165 in favor and 21 against, and in the Senate 34-5. Governor Pinchot signed the Bill Thursday June 14. The act goes into effect March 1, 1924. Licenses will be granted to any deaf person in the State who can demonstrate his ability to operate a motor vehicle which must be equipped with a mirror in order to see traffic approaching from the rear.

This is a victory the Pennsylvania deaf may be proud of. As far as we know, this is probably the first instance in the country where the deaf have succeeded in removing through legislative enactment such a drastic and unreasonable rule from the statutes.

We wish to thank all who have contributed so generously towards the fund of the campaign. We are indebted also to Mr. W. W. Beadell for the data and other helpful information which we incorporated (with his permission) in our "Brief" copies of which were recently published in full in the several publications for the deaf.

FRANKLIN C. SMIELAU.

# THE ARGONAUT

By J. W. Howson

**T**HE ANNUAL Convention of the California Association of the Deaf had a new setting this year I was held in Los Angeles, the first time the association had ever met in southern California. No business of any great importance was transacted but from the social and entertaining side the convention was a decided success. An unusual incident was the amount

I came to Los Angeles with a 1923 map of the city, but couldn't on it locate the home of a friend. Finally I was piloted to an entirely new street solidly built up with homes. Evidently they open a new street every few days in Los Angeles and to be up to date a city map must be revised monthly.

Yes, Los Angeles is some city. Even at San Luis Obispo, more than 200 miles north, the bright colored flags of the real-estate agent, bait for the unwary tourist, come into evidence. Within fifty miles of the center of the city these pennant like flags came more and more into evidence as here and there a new town is coming into evidence. So confident is the Los Angeles realtor of his game that he doesn't wait for settlers to locate in his town, but forthwith starts his civic center and lets the bungalows follow as a matter of course. The streets and stores of down town Los Angeles are crowded well nigh to suffocation. Automobile traffic in all parts of the city is almost beyond description. There are as many automobiles in the city of Los Angeles as there are in entire countries of Europe. When one has driven through the streets of the city he surely can qualify for any known degree given auto drivers, for as an university of hard knocks or rather bumps, the streets of Los



The Oakland Silent baseball team, which was defeated by the Los Angeles Silents by a 12 to 11 score. Top from left to right: Beck, Lee, C. Phillips, Peixotto, Egan, Mgr., Barthe, Kotula, Seitz, Claver, G. Phillips, Boam, Wood. Every losing team has an alibi, the Oakland's being their 400 mile all night auto ride which sent them into the game a weary outfit. Photo by E. McAdam.



Some of the 125 who attended the July 4th picnic of the Sunnyside club on the beach at Topanga Canyon, Los Angeles.

Mr. Heron got a big hand from the audience when he closed his speech by expressing the hope that two years hence he would be able to address the convention in the sign language.

Another feature of the convention was the queen contest between beauties of northern and southern California. Starting out with pennies and dimes it soon developed into a contest of dollars. The northern boys, about twenty strong, were pitted against several hundred southerners, but just as the contest closed they showered a handful of twenty dollars bills into the fray and emerged victorious. Receipts were several hundred dollars and incidentally the share of the winning contestant, Miss Mary Taylor of San Francisco, amounted to over \$55.00.



Noon hour at the Topanga Canyon picnic. You bring your own tent which will serve as a dressing room or shelter from the sun. The line of autos in the background are a few of those packed the beaches of Los Angeles solidly for perhaps a hundred miles or more.

Angeles know no equal. Of the several score deaf autoists who came into the town during the convention, quite a few went away with dents in their fenders. The Los Angeles traffic cop is a busy person; when not engaged in wigwagging signals he may be found sweeping up the glass, resulting from broken headlights and windshields.

Easily the feature of the convention was the address of Mr. E. A. Heron. Mr. Heron is deputy director of education of the



Beach races were in order at the Sunnyside picnic. The youngsters were out in full force in bathing suits. A few who decorated themselves in sea-weeds gave creditable representations of south sea islanders.

state of California and as such is directly in charge of the state schools for the deaf and the blind. He appealed to the members assembled in convention to assist the state board of education in its struggle with the economy budget of the governor, asserting that the state school for the deaf was being seriously hampered by the cut in appropriations. This is the first time that an outsider of such prominence has directly appealed to the state association. Mr. Heron made a bristling speech and minced no words in his condemnation of the budget. Mr. Heron got a big hand from the audience when he closed his speech by expressing the hope that two years hence he would be able to address the convention in the sign language.

July 4th two picnics were held. Some 400 deaf gathered at Brookside Park, Pasadena, where various games and con-



The ladies had their contest too. Yes, these are all ladies in spite of the variety of costumes.

tests were held. A smaller crowd journeyed to the beach at Topanga canyon about thirty miles from the city, where swimming and races on the beach were in order. The journey home revealed a solid mass of autos stretching across the highway and with a halt every few feet it seemed like an all night journey into town. Fortunately the traffic officers got matters under control with the results that everybody got a few hours of sleep presumably. For photos of the Topanga picnic the Argonaut is indebted to Earl McAdam.

#### OVERHEARD AT THE CONVENTION

Los Angeles booster: "Most of the deaf who settle in Los Angeles say they never heard of San Francisco."

San Francisco fan: "That shows that most of the deaf who settle in Los Angeles can't read."

Though the thermometer may be over 100' and you may be dripping with perspiration it is never hot in Los Angeles. It is sacrilegious to refer to such weather conditions as anything other than unusual. Los Angeles, as they say, has only two kinds of weather, perfect and unusual.

I stood on the parapet-like walk surrounding the Chinese padoga which crowns the heights of Hollywood and tried to discern in the murky distance the skyline of Los Angeles business district. While thus engrossed a timid little woman by my side spelled, "Did you ever see such a wonderful view in all your life?" Quite gently did I assure her that not only had I, but that from thousands of homes in the Berkeley and Oakland hillsides were there superior views of these communities, of San Francisco bay and its plying boats, of San Francisco itself and the Golden Gate and hills beyond. This is a view of the boys and girls of the Berkeley school for the deaf scarcely notice as being of daily occurrence. Great is Los Angeles and greater, a thousand times greater, is she in the eyes of Los Angelenos.

The meetings of the convention were held in a commodious and convenient hall off Figueroa street. The daily blockading



A flag racing contest was appropriate to the day. The photographer caught the winner in the act of seizing the victorious flag with the judge in the foreground closely watching proceedings.

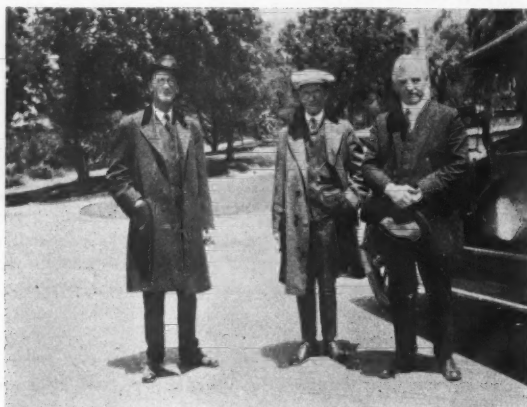
of the entrance to the hall by a number of hearses and undertakers wagons had no special significance, even though one of the telegrams to the convention extended congratulations to the California Association for the Dead.

Leslie Ross at the convention reminded the Argonaut that some years ago when their respective positions were that of pupil and teacher, the latter appraised Leslie's future earning capacities at ten cents per day, whereas he was now earning over \$12.00. The Argonaut replied that there might easily have been a reversal of figures and if the teacher had been so soft-hearted as to predict a \$12 daily wages to an indolent pupil it might ultimately have figured out to ten cents. To which Leslie had the good spirit to heartily agree.

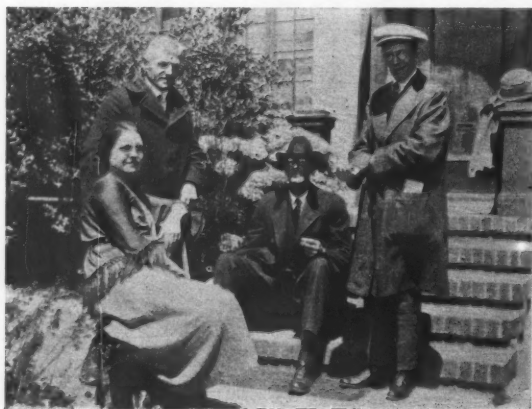
The death of President Harding and the elevation of Vice-President Calvin Coolidge to the highest office in the land is of more than usual interest to the deaf, even for so auspicious an event. President Coolidge has been credited by the deaf with being an advocate of oral education of deaf children to the exclusion of signs. That he carries this banishment of signs to communication between the adult deaf is uncertain. Mrs. Coolidge as is well known was before her marriage an oral teacher of the deaf and President Coolidge was officially



connected with the school in which she taught. To this may be ascribed the stand maintained by the president. Mr. Coolidge is the type of man very much admired by the Argonaut, one who says little and thinks much, who having made up his mind acts decisively, one whose judgment has so far been well-nigh infallible. Such a man having once formed an opinion is very slow to change the same, but the Argonaut does not think that President Coolidge has hard and fast opinions upon the use of the sign language by the deaf. Rather, should the president in his broadening experiences, come into the full realization of the values of signs to the deaf, we think no one would



The important event in coast Frat circles during the summer was the visit of President Anderson. Here are shown left to right Vice-President Williams, President Anderson and Chafeur J. W. Howson. Photo was taken on the grounds of the State School for the Deaf, Berkeley. Notice the overcoats, you sweltering easterners.



President Anderson on his western trip. Mr. Anderson is on the extreme right. The handful of cherries which he holds, he couldn't stop eating long enough to pacify the camera.

more determinedly uphold the place of the same in the life of the latter than Calvin Coolidge himself.

The visit of Grand President Harry C. Anderson of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, to the various coast divisions of the order, was, to quote the president himself, a trip of unusual interest and pleasure. Four days were spent in the cities around San Francisco Bay, the guest of honor being taken on automobile trips to various points of interest. There was a reception by the Berkeley Division and in San Francisco a combined banquet was tendered the president by the Berkeley and San Francisco Divisions. Upon his return from Los Angeles President Anderson was entertained by a Chinese party given by the ladies of the Berkeley Division, during which an exceptionally fine Chinese loving cup was

given the president to take home as a gift from the ladies to Mrs. Anderson.

With the death in San Mateo, a suburb of San Francisco, of Mrs. Laura Catherine Redden Searing, there passed away one of the most prominent deaf writers of our land. Besides being a writer of periodicals and the daily press, Mrs. Searing was the author of several books. Mrs. Searing was born in Somerset, Maryland, in 1840, and was 83 years old at the time of her death. Her loss of hearing came at an early age. She was prominent as a war correspondent, being located in Washington during the Civil War, and during the Franco-Prussian war she wrote "German War Gossip" for the *New York Tribune*. This seems an unusual role for a young deaf woman to play. Mrs. Searing died at the home of her daughter Mrs. Elsa McGinn. For the past few years she had been in failing health and Mrs. McGinn had to entertain herself the deaf who sought an audience with her distinguished mother. Mrs. Searing's husband was Edward W. Searing, a well-known New York lawyer.

## The Passing of a California Landmark

Announcement was made last week of the sale of the Tilden property, north of Twentieth street, between Franklin and Webster streets to Dr. R. C. Anderson, Oakland dentist, at a price of \$160,000. It is understood that the property is to be used as the site for a new office building.

The property has a frontage of 235 feet on both Franklin and Webster streets. The transaction was handled by Glenn McElhinney of the Maiden-Rittigstein offices.—S. F. Examiner, June 11st., 1923.

On this spot, Douglas Tilden executed some of his most important sculptural works for, in the rear of the property, he had his studio for many years in a barn. Many notable people visited it. During the war, it was converted into a theater under the auspices of a dramatic society but the society could not weather the stress of the times. Then Tilden ceased wholly his art activities. Finally the above-mentioned sale writes *Finis* on what was a picturesque spot of still more picturesque memories. "Within ten years, everything has been changed by a change in the speed of man." That is so. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. The fame of the sculptor remains.

## DEAF AND DUMB HE HEARS BY RADIO

Detroit, Mich., March 26.—A radiophone yesterday broke the silence of Leo Kuehn, 28, who has been deaf and dumb for twenty-six years. For the first time in his life he was able to hear voices and enjoy music and to speak words, the first he had ever spoken.

The silence was broken in the Detroit Free Press radio station, when Kuehn participated in an experiment that will eventually enable him to speak. It was conducted by M. R. Mitchell, radio engineer. A set of high-powered receivers was attached to the amplifying panel, and with radio frequency amplified about twenty times Mitchell spoke the word "Ford" into the microphone. The word "Ford" was used because that is where Kuehn is employed.

Kuehn heard sounds, but wrote down on his paper that he did not understand the word. It was repeated, and he understood. For more than half an hour he stood before the radio instrument with a list of words in his hands. As Mitchell spoke a word Kuehn would point it out on the list.

"Waiter, are you hard of hearing?"

"No, sir. Why, sir?"

"The possibility occurred to me that when I asked for liver you thought I said leather."—Judge.



# The Atlanta Convention

By ALEXANDER L. PACH



FOR THE first time ever, a Convention for the National Association of the Deaf will live after it had adjourned, for, for the first time ever, some of the happy events were immortalized in moving pictures. In other respects the Fourteenth Convention was unique.

It was unique in that it afforded the most time for happiness and the least time for actual deliberative work. After the Detroit meeting, this column made the statement that the Detroit meeting was the happiest ever, up to that time. This statement was questioned by former President Jay Cooke Howard who gave San Francisco the palm. My personal experience covers twelve of the fourteen meetings, which record is shared with Dr. J. H. Cloud. For the first time a Convention was held with a broken attendance record. Up to Atlanta the veteran Edwin Allan Hodgson, editor of the *Journal* had attended every meeting, and the next high average is held by Dr. Thomas F. Fox who attended thirteen out of fourteen, and these veterans share equal attendance honors now, since each has attended every meeting but one. It will be many years before anything like this is paralleled, for while a great many have been present spasmodically, there are few who go regularly. New York also made a record at Atlanta, with thirty-six present, for no other section of the United States north of the Mason Dixon line had any showing. Chicago only sent four, Philadelphia one, and Washington, D. C., but two or three, and the great West none at all, but in spite of all this, but for the horror of Thursday evening, the Atlanta Convention would have been the grandest gathering of American deaf people ever held.

And none who were present will ever forget the horrible suddenness that made a scene of joy instantly transposed into a scene of such penetrating and heart-eating gloom that drew a certain of despair that was heightened and accentuated by the uncertainty of it all for; for more than an hour there was nothing certain. We could only hope that it was not as bad as it seemed to be.

Again, even this tragedy was part of the chain of events that made the meeting so thrillingly momentous. For the first time ever, and the reader will note the sequence of these "first time ever," luncheon on that historic Thursday, August 16th, 1923, had been followed by a parade of automobiles that were driven and owned, for the most part by their owners,

not in any spirit of braggadocio that many of our people were well enough off to own cars, but to convince the authorities that deaf drivers are not only no menace, but that by reason of life-long and habitual reliance on the eye, they are less risk to their own persons and to normal drivers than those who depend solely on their organs of hearing, whose unreliability is attested to by the fact that no driver depends on his ears as he does on the mirror that is found on every car when it is equipped as safety demands it be equipped. There were not enough cars for the very large party, so a great many found their way to the East Lake Country Club by trolley car. Beautiful as are the Rockefeller, Vanderbilt and Gould estates, all of which I have seen, none have to offer so beautiful an aspect as that of the East Lake Country Club, whose membership is made up of Atlanta's best people. There were no absentees at four o'clock in the afternoon when the water carnival begun, and many of the delegates joined in the swimming, diving and racing events. History only records one other occasion when this exclusive Club was thrown open to non-members.

The Club-house is more like an exclusive hotel at a restricted resort than like a club-house, and is on an elevation considerably higher than the lake. The golf course is one of the country's most famous greens, and there are a great number of employees to further the comforts of those fortunate enough to hold membership. From the side of the house facing the lake extends a brick-paved terrace that is large enough to furnish an open air banquet hall for more than the five hundred diners who enjoyed the dinner there that evening, and from the end of the terrace are winding stairs leading to that part of the lawn that faces the lake itself, to the right of which is the boat house, bathing rooms, showers and every facility one can think of to enhance the joys that the beautiful body of water affords. The Banquet was served in style and state, and there were no set speeches to follow, for only President Cloud spoke, and our host Mr. L. W. Rogers, acting for the Club responded, and was given a testimonial of our appreciation of all he had done to make the Dixie Dinner notable. The state of Alabama won a silver cup for being leader in usefulness to the local committee, and it was accepted with becoming modesty by Mr. Doughdrill of that state. A charming young woman from Florida, Miss Crump gave a sign rendition of "Comin' through the Rye," and the Banquet was over. It had cost the Committee \$1000.00 for the five hundred covers, and the members, except



THE TENNESSEE SCHOOL BAND, AT N. A. D. CONVENTION, ATLANTA, GA., AUGUST 13-18, 1923

Photo. by W. T. Brown



Photo. by W. T. Brown

FOURTEENTH TRIENNIAL CONVENTION NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF, ATLANTA, GA., AUGUST 13-18, 1923

certain guests, had paid \$2.00 each. Had the dinner been served by caterers who had to make a profit out of it, it would have cost at least \$4. Besides the costs of the dinner, there was an item of nearly four hundred dollars for construction of a huge fountain; for fireworks, special lights and decorations, and darkness was coming fast when the banqueters turned down the steps to the lawn to feast on the spectacle that had been planned. Again the shore of the lake was fringed with deaf people, all expectant for the Pageant that was to follow. A joyous happy throng of deaf people gathered to have the time of their lives, for many it was a time of reunion with schoolmates they had not seen for years. For others it was a time of reunion and rejoicing because they had shared the joys of previous conventions. Laughter and happiness blended. Of all the glad moments I can recall in connection with previous meetings of the National Association of the Deaf, that trip down the Potomac at Mt. Vernon at the time of the Washington Convention; the day in the suburban park after the Chicago World's Fair meeting, and those other interspersions that form the happiest part of each Convention, for they bring the delegates together in a solid body, and those who participated in the happy gatherings I have mentioned, and similar ones, the lake trip on Minnetonka, (St. Paul) the Atlantic City (Philadelphia), the moonlight ride on the Mississippi (St. Louis), the steamer ride down the bay to the "Rip-raps" where the Merrimac-Monitor encounter took place (Norfolk), the Pike's Peak and other mountain visits (Colorado), the lake ride on the ill-fated "Eastland" (Cleveland), the Lake Compounce treat (Hartford), the trip to Tashmoo Park (Detroit), were all not merely red letter, but golden letter days, for they afforded the real opportunity for "get togethers" and "get acquainted" that the other features do not admit of, and here we were enjoying, for again another "first time ever," a second festivity away from the detail of the platform, for just the day before was given over to the melon feast at Stone Mountain, of which, more anon.

A raft put off from shore, a frail raft, three row-boats joined to support a platform, on which were Dr. Cloud and twelve young women in dancing attire. Of the twelve girls, several had danced as a feature of the welcoming exercises on the Ansley roof on Monday evening, and one of them, the only deaf girl, was Miss Maxine Morris, who had also entertained the "Frats" at the meeting two years before. Just as the raft turned shoreward the girls moved too far toward one end of it, and something, perhaps faulty construction of the raft, perhaps one of the outer boats was leaky, perhaps the girls, in the excitement of the moment, crowded too far towards the end, but soon cries for help blanched the faces of the hearing people on the shore, and soon straining eye watched with intense eagerness the work of rescue by the two rowers, one of whom, Mr. Vandegriff became so exhausted in effecting rescues that he went down unseen by all, and it was not till early next day that his body was recovered and a number of deaf people, some of them jumping in fully dressed notably Mr. Roller, of Akron, Ohio, and Mr. Fred Cooleedge of Atlanta. Mr. Roller brought in four of the girls, and was the man who discovered the body of Miss Maurer, whose absence, for a time had not been learned. When it was found she was missing all who had taken part in rescue work went back in the lake and dived and searched till they were rewarded by finding her body, and the three physicians worked over her with pulmotor and exhausted every means of restoring life to the beautiful girl. We had seen fainting and exhausted girls brought around and every heart throbbed with joy when color came back to their cheeks and their eyes opened with smiles on their faces, and for a long time those of us who held the rope to keep the crowd back far enough from the shore of the lake to give the rescuers a free place to work in were heavy hearted when the doctors folded Miss Maurer's arms and covered her body with a blanket showing that all man's ingenuity and fertility of resource, and all medical science had been in vain, for the poor girl trapped under the raft had given up life through shock or fright



Photo. by W. T. Brown  
 CHARTER MEMBERS N. A. D., 43 YEARS AFTER, AT STONE MOUNTAIN, GA., AUGUST 15, 1923  
 Left to right: W. S. Johnson, Osce Roberts, Lars M. Larson, A. B. Greener, Mrs. D. W. George, D. W. George, Thomas F. Fox, S. M. Freeman



Photo. by W. T. Brown  
 SOUTH CAROLINA DELEGATION N. A. D., ATLANTA, GA., AUGUST 13-18, 1923



Photo by W. T. Brown  
 ALABAMA DELEGATION N. A. D., ATLANTA, GA., AUGUST 13-18, 1923





NORTH CAROLINA DELEGATION N. A. D., ATLANTA, GA., AUGUST 13-18, 1923  
Photo. by W. T. Brown

or suffocation by drowning. Next day her remains lay in state at an undertaker's right near the Ansley Hotel, and most of the delegates made sad pilgrimages to her bier. To help make a gladsome holiday for us, the sweet young woman had made the supreme sacrifice. At midnight there were many still at the Lake side, for even then, having gone through four hours of the tragedy, there was still great uncertainty as to the extent of the disaster, and the very air was filled with impenetrable gloom, a gruesome gloom the like of which was unprecedented at a meeting of deaf people. And so there was no pageant, and no fireworks, though the searchlights that had been placed in position to illuminate the story that was told to

rence on the Lake was one of the best ever placed before Convention delegates, and following is the

#### MENU

Fruit Cocktail  
Olives Celery Nuts  
Fried Crabs, Tartar Sauce  
Chip Potatoes  
Braised Spring Chicken  
New Corn off Cob Candied Yams  
Hot Rolls  
Lettuce and Tomato Salad  
Neapolitan Ice Cream  
Cake  
Coffee



Photo by M. L. Kenner  
EAST and SOUTH and WEST

be interpreted in pantomime, with musical and terpsichorean accompaniment, were turned so their rays would illuminate the lake and facilitate the work of rescue. The motif of the pageant that was to have been given as follows:

#### MOTIF OF PAGEANT

The dark night of the past condition of the deaf is broken. The bars of silence are heavily drawn. Deliverance makes several attempts to arise across the water and at last is successful, but apparently unknown to the American deaf. To them the future still looks dark. Finally the night of their bondage is broken by a ray of hope as the figure of the New Freedom appears. The great benefactor of the American deaf has succeeded in establishing the first school for the silent children at Hartford.

The light and joy of deliverance spreads as schools for the deaf multiply in the land and finally the deaf are fully in possession of the New Freedom. A new world has been opened to them through the medium of the sign language and their liberties and enjoyment therein are enhanced by their organizations, the pioneer among which is the National Association of the Deaf.

The Dixie Dinner that was enjoyed before the tragic occur-

And now to revert to events in their proper order. This is not a report of the meeting. The veteran Augustus B. Greener covered that comprehensively for the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal* in thorough journalistic manner. Mr. Greener with Dr. T. F. Fox, Rev. S. M. Freeman, W. A. Johnson, D. W. George, and Lars M. Larson were the real Convention veterans, for they had been present at the birth of the National Association of the Deaf at Cincinnati, Ohio, forty-three years before, and Mr. Greener, earlier in the summer had the pleasure of reporting the Canadian convention, and he and Mr. O. W. Underhill were the only deaf persons present who had at-



PARTY ON WAY UP STONE MOUNTAIN



tended the meetings so geographically far apart, so the rest that the grand old man treated himself to with relatives at a lake resort in Indiana after the meeting was richly his due.

As almost every member of the local committee had previously served in the same capacity for the National Fraternal Society conclave two years before they were really veterans at it. The slogan adopted by the Committee was "Keep Faith With Atlanta," and they made it ring true by demonstrating that Atlanta had kept faith with the National Association.

Again, for the first time ever, the full program was not available till Atlanta was reached. Up to that time we did not even know who would speak, or what they would discuss, except in a general way, and some of the subjects, notably "Investments for the Deaf," were hardly apropos, since investments for the Deaf, like shoes for the deaf, food for the deaf, or habitations for the deaf, are not subjects that need classification for the deaf especially, since in this respect they do not differ from other people. Prior to the meeting, this department was one of the few that expressed regret that the "Deaf" band was to be featured, and only because of the fear that it would cause misunderstanding by the hearing public. I do not recall that any Atlanta newspaper commented on this feature, though at conventions we buy papers to glance at headlines only, and not always do we get that far, but it was a novelty, and a great many got enjoyment out of their presence. Mr. Fancher, who of course is only partially deaf, seems to have developed unusual possibilities with the manly lot of young fellows from Mrs. Poore's school, and with the Ansley lobby jammed full of people listening or watching a concert they were giving I could not blame Brother McFarlane of the *Messenger* for giving me a Ha! Ha!! laugh when we met face to face for the first time since we had our little series of run-ins (or should it be runs in?) in the papers we write for, but as he is totally deaf and I am totally deaf, the music spelled as much for him, as it did for me. Then there was Mr. Fancher's paper on "Music for the Deaf," and since "there ain't no such animal," it should properly have been entitled "Music for the hard of hearing."

So here we are at the very opening of the meeting on Monday evening when the usual opening formalities are gone through with, and the usual speeches, all of which took place in the Tabernacle, and after "Welcome" by the Tennessee band, and an invocation by Rev. S. M. Freeman "America" was recited by thirteen white robed young women led by Mrs. J. H. McFarlane, and if any one is superstitious as to "13," he need only recall that these glorious United States had its inception with thirteen colonies. Mr. Dickerson handed the audience a fervent greeting of welcome, after which Governor Walker, of Georgia, was to have begun the speech making for the

hearing officials, but he was unable to be present, though Governor Hardwick made it his business to be very much with us in 1921. The Mayor of Atlanta handed out the key, figuratively speaking, and Mr. W. F. Crusselle followed, in the sign language, as did Mr. F. J. Cooledge, Jr., a cousin of the President of the United States, though I know he will not thank me for mentioning it here, as he is a hard of hearing man who abhors shining in reflected light. Messers. Stewart, of Michigan; Robert, of Illinois, and Kenner, of New York, made appropriate responses, and the interpreting was charmingly done by Mrs. Elizabeth Freeman Simmons, a daughter of Reverend and Mrs. S. M. Freeman, who was born and raised until the time she left for college, in the shadow of the Georgia School for the Deaf, where her father was a valued teacher for half a century. After taking the Normal course at Gallaudet, Mrs. Simmons became a teacher at the Georgia school, but resigned to be married after me one year in the school room.

After Committee appointments were announced came "Dixieland" by the band, and all repaired to the Ansley Roof Garden where the rest of the business sessions were held, and where a reception, grand march and dancing and a general get acquainted good time finished the first event of the great Atlanta Convention. To a few of us, the place was most familiar, as the Fraternal Society banquet was held there in 1921, and one of the social affairs in connection with the meeting also took place on the Ansley roof.

Tuesday morning the real work of the meeting began with the usual preliminaries and President Cloud delivered a long and valuable address. Dr. Cloud almost yielded to a strong prevailing sentiment that he break all precedents and run for a third term, but he finally decided not to, though his many friends urged it on him. There were no vice-presidents present, and little need of any one relieving the president when he desired to vacate the chair, and for this emergency one of the two board members acted. Only four of the seven members of the Board were present.

The afternoon brought the pleasure of having Dr. Albert H. Walker, President of the Florida School, on the platform, and he is a wonderfully impressive speaker in signs, impressive as to what he says and impressive as to his manner of saying it. Prof. Drake spoke on Gallaudet College and George S. Porter of the New Jersey School delivered a timely and interesting address on "The Industrial Side of the Education of the Deaf." Mr. Porter has had over forty years experience in this work and not only know whereof he speaks but knows how to speak it. Mr. Underhill (Florida) backed Mr. Porter up, most ably,

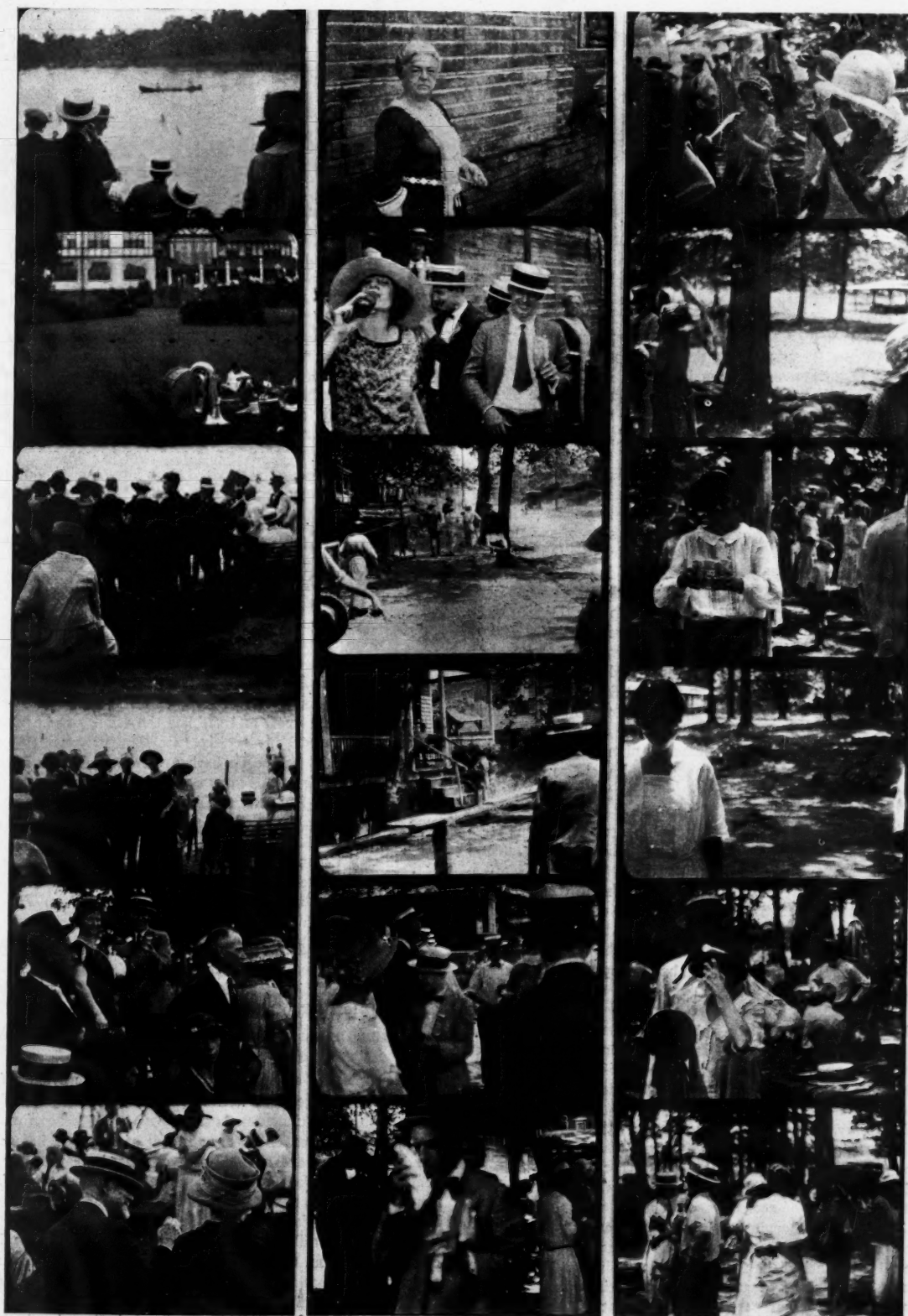


TENNESSEE DELEGATION N. A. D., ATLANTA, GA., AUGUST 13-18, 1923

Photo by W. T. Brown



SCENES AT THE ATLANTA CONVENTION AS SEEN BY THE LITTLE SEPT MOVING PICTURE CAMERA



AT EAST LAKE COUNTRY CLUB AND THE WATERMELON CUTTING AT STONE MOUNTAIN





SOME PROMINENT NADS SNAPPED AT THE EAST LAKE COUNTRY CLUB. RECOGNIZE 'EM?

as the gentleman works in the same field, as to line of endeavor that Mr. Porter does.

The meeting adjourned early enough for all to go by street car to "Wren's Nest," the home of the loved Joel Chandler Harris, (Uncle Remus) where the author wrote the deathless lines that made him one of the immortals of literature. Mr. Freeman explained that Uncle Remus' mother was one of Atlanta's gentlewomen, and had a romance that ended in her marrying a local gardner, and after the birth of Uncle Remus, her husband deserted her, so she took her maiden name, and from that time on she and her son were known only by that name. One room is kept exactly as it was when the author passed away, even his wearing apparel is left just as he left it.

Tuesday evening was given over to a showing of some of the old and two new films that have been acquired by the N. A. D. through the Motion Picture Committee, headed by Mr. Roy C. Stewart of Washington, D. C., but as neither he nor Mrs. J. M. Stewart, of Michigan, were able to be present, the production of the Atlanta film was left to the writer, and Mr. Underhill and Mrs. Gillen, of N. Y., were selected to assist. Mr. Rountree of the Southern Scenic Society did the camera work, and some fine scenes at the melon feast at Stone Mountain, the Auto Parade, the Water Carnival, and addresses by Dr. Cloud and Mrs. Poore make up a thousand feet of film that, while not entirely in accord with the fundamental plan of the Association as to preservation of sign language classics, shows some very fine speech sign making, and some interesting scenes, as well as some events that the participants did not know were being caught on deathless film. As soon as Mr. Stewart returns from his vacation in Michigan, these films will be sent to him, and will then be available for projection at fair rentals. Two different New York organizations will show these films soon, and the Silent Athletic Club of Chicago is also on the request list. The sign addresses by Dr. Cloud and Mrs. Poore are the best examples of sign making in film form that the N. A. D. has acquired, and their effectivness is enhanced by the surroundings, and the fact that they portray actual doings at a N. A. D. Convention makes them the more interesting. The films were shown to the Committee, President Roberts and a few others, on the last day of the Convention, but after adjournment. Had they been shown on Friday evening before or after the two scheduled events of that night, it would have added wonderfully to the enjoyment of the Delegates.

Wednesday, August 15th, saw the delegates boarding special trolley cars early in the morning, bound for Stone Mountain. It was one of the hottest of the several hot days we had, the Nads being all out of luck in this respect, since we "Frats" in 1921 had a week of cool days, with a refreshing shower each day that took all thoughts of July weather away. On reaching Stone Mountain most every one made the ascent, and by lunch time all had reached the foot of the mountain just below where Gutzen Borglum the great sculptor is creating through his art a wonderful series of portraits under what seems almost impossible conditions that augur for success, but these have all been surmounted and the work is well under way.

Two years ago I tried to describe the famed Georgia watermelon as it is when one disposes of it where it grows. It is

one of the most delicious of foods, and those old-time feasts known to history were woefully lacking if watermelon was not on the menu. Besides melon there were all the concomitants of a picnic lunch in too great abundance, and the delegates started homeward more than well paid for their efforts in making the trip up the great granite rock, so, once more the trolley cars and back to Atlanta. The evening's program called for a religious meeting for all denominations, at which many helpful suggestions were made, but less than a hundred of the six hundred in town attended, as it was one of the events they found they could forego, as most of them have ample opportunity for religious improvement at home and besides there were services on the Sunday before and the Sunday after the meeting.

Thursday morning, August 16th, brought the treat of a talk from Mrs. H. T. Poore, Superintendent of the Tennessee School for the Deaf, on "Educational Standards." Mrs. Poore has two deaf sisters; one is Mrs. Wm. H. Chambers, whose husband is a member of her faculty, but even with three deaf relatives it is very rare to find any one as thorough in the sign language as Mrs. Poore is. Mrs. Poore is rich in this respect. She is a good "mixer," too, for she seems to have made many friends among the deaf, and she has the facility to be able to speak to any one on any subject. Unfortunately her stay was very short, as she had to be back at her post for the opening of the bids, for the new Tennessee School, and this matter also took Mr. Thomas S. Marr, the architect, away from us at the same time and for the same reason. Mr. Marr made the presence of the band possible, and I think he got a great deal more than his money's worth, if one can judge from the expression on his face when he shared second honors at a concert in front of the Ansley, while the leader, Prof. Fancher, walked away with first honors.

The subject of Mr. Larson's paper on "Day Schools vs. State Schools," being familiar to most of the delegates, the formality of reading it was dispensed with, so it may be read when the proceedings are printed.

Adjournment came, and the afternoon and evening doings form the opening chapters of this story.

Friday morning saw an awed gathering. The events of the previous night overshadowed all else, and Friday's business began with a determination to show proper reverence for those who had been bereaved by the accident of the night before, all standing in reverent silence, and unuttered prayers for the dead, and resolutions of sympathy were passed for the families who had been struck such an unexpected blow, and proper representation at the funerals and floral tributes were provided for. This was all that the National Association of the Deaf could then do, but though no longer a member of the Board, I am sure that that body will take some action that has more substance to it, and that will be of greater worth to those who are left to mourn the two who gave up their lives for the N. A. D., indirectly though it was. The full program for the day is appended, though, as stated, it was not carried out in its entirety:

9:00 A.M. HOTEL ANSLEY ROOF GARDEN

Selection: "Triumph," by the Band.

Invocation.

Recitation by a Silent Songstress.

Paper: "A Survey Needed"—Rev. H. L. Tracy.

Discussion.

Paper: "The Establishment of a Labor Bureau for the Deaf"—Mr. J. M. Robertson.

Discussion.

Paper: "Co-operation All Along The Line"—Mr. Herbert R. Smoak.

Reports of Committees: Industrial Bureau, Civil Service, Traffic Bureau, Bureau on Investigation of Investments, Impostor Bureau.

New Business.

Announcements.

Adjournment.

AFTERNOON, 2:00—Business Continued

Selection: "First Prize March," by the Band.

Unfinished Business.

Communications.

Reports of Committees: Auditing, Enrollment, Necrology, Resolutions, Local.

Closing Hymn: "God Be With You"—Mrs. T. H. Coleman.

Election of Officers.

Adjournment.

Many in the audience wanted to get better acquainted with Mr. Roller, the hero of the happenings at East Lake, and after some persuasion that gentleman did consent to take the platform, but only long enough to disclaim that he wanted tributes of any kind after having done his utmost, and he showed emphatically that he was made of the right kind of stuff by his hurrying through with a role that he did not at all like—of course, the platform appearance, I mean. His bearing won him added friends and added laurels. Principal Manning of the Alabama School responded to an invitation to address the assemblage, and this was the gathering's third opportunity to size up Superintendents of Southern Schools for the Deaf.

The newly officers elected to guide the N. A. D. the next three years are:

President, Arthur L. Roberts, Illinois.

Vice-Presidents, O. W. Underhill, Florida and Mrs. Jackson, Georgia.

Secretary-Treasurer, F. A. Moore, New Jersey.

Board Members, Dr. T. F. Fox, New York; Dr. J. H. Cloud, Missouri; J. W. Howson, California.

Mr. Howson was not present, and he was not present at the Detroit meeting, but California looked good to a great many members to spread the National in the Association's title over a great deal of the country. It did not seem fair to a great many who were present at Atlanta, and also at Detroit, and whose presence cost them a great deal in time and money and effort, only to go unrecognized, while some one who happened to reside on the Pacific coast was elected for reasons far from satisfactory.

Proxy voting got a body blow. It will probably be modified in some way, for as Dr. Freeman stated, it opened too vast possibilities for injustices, and even paved the way for one man ownership of the association, as well as his being able to dictate who should be officers. Of course the possibility is remote of such an abuse of power, but there were a great many who thought proxy voting should be limited to absent members who cast their own vote, through the secretary, for officers of their own selection. While it has been judiciously exercised in the past, there are vast possibilities of fraud and worse when one or two individuals present hold a hundred proxies each.

Well, we tried to keep faith with Atlanta. Atlanta kept faith with us, and taught us that where other conventions

have been four-fifths work, and one-fifth play, almost reversing the situation as was done at Atlanta, certainly pleases the average delegate. The Association is so well founded now that the Board can be safely trusted to handle all the routine, and giving future conventions a minimum of work and a maximum of relaxation, is just what the multitude wants, and what they go for. We had less platform time wasting than I ever saw at a convention, and what was accomplished was accomplished expediently. In this respect, as in all other respects, it sets a mark for future conventions. But for the tragedy of East Lake, the Atlanta Convention would mark the highest fruition of the endeavor to weld the deaf of America into a great body working for the betterment of all, and proving the wisdom of bringing the deaf together in great conventions at proper intervals.

## Convention Echoes

Those who made the trip by steamship from New York to Savannah had the advantage over those who went by rail. They did not suffer the inconveniences of heat, soot and cramped quarters. The sail was delightful with cool breezes all the way, besides the meals and service was of the very best and the promenade deck and lounging saloons afforded ample recreation and opportunities for making new acquaintances that are not to be found on railroad trains.

There were ten in the party going South on the steamship "City of St. Louis" and eight on the return trip on the "City of Montgomery." The party going South was made up of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Reiff, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. George S. Porter, and Frederick A. Moore, of Trenton, N. J.; George T. Sanders, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Herman Harper, of Alabama; Mr. and Miss Cossette, of Connecticut, and Mr. Emanuel Souweine, of New York City, and a most congenial bunch it proved to be. On the return trip Mr. and Miss Cossette (brother and sister), Mr. Sanders and Mr. Harper dropped out and in their place was Mrs. Wilson, of Arcade, N. Y., and Miss Lena Stoloff, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who proved delightful company.

It was an all-day ride by cars from Savannah to Atlanta and vice versa, and in addition to the heat all were treated to a liberal coat of soot from the soft coal burning locomotive. This cross country trip was interesting as well as instructive because of the splendid opportunity of studying the real South. They had a day at Savannah and took advantage of it by hiring one of the sight-seeing automobiles which took them to some of the most important places of interest, such as the Victoria Drive, which was lined for several miles with beautiful palm trees and flowers; the Hermitage, a plantation preserved just as it was during slavery; a cemetery, the distinctive feature being its trees of wonderful live oak. Their branches seemed to be festooned with a grayish moss that suggested deep mourning. The trip consumed two hours and a half, after which the party returned to the Savannah hotel for lunch and finally a stage trip to the Savannah line docks where the party boarded the "City of Montgomery" for the trip north. Before the boat left its dock Mr. and Mrs. Hart, two of Savannah's most distinguished deaf citizens, came aboard to bid the party good bye. As the boat steamed down the muddy Savannah river out into the open sea there was a feeling of regret that they could not tarry a day or two longer in order to see more of the South-land.

The party had hoped there would be a storm at sea with the waves so high as to cause sea sickness among the passengers and get some fun and excitement out of it all, for it is well known that the deaf are exempt from sea sickness no matter how rough the sea, but in this they were disappointed for if the boat rocked any it was hardly perceptible.

(Continued on page 27)

## Letters From Our Humorist

By Henry Crutcher

### Vacation Memories

At Danville, Ky.



ELL, FOLKS, another summer is ended and vacation days are a thing of memory. Autumn is almost here and we'll soon be chanting that sweet refrain: The frost is on our check-book and our overcoats in hock.

Yes, summer is gone. Good-by summer, we appreciate you, yearn for you, now that you have left us. Good-by vacation days: dear old vacation days! We always appreciated you, never fear. Can't you linger with us longer? Tell us: Where is that girl that we kissed in the moonlight? What of those trout that we pulled from that stream? Recall that Convention address we made that was so warmly applauded? Why are ——— but vacation does not answer. Vacation has flown. Only a delicate fragrance as of rose petals remains lingering in the air to remind us of her recent presence. So we reluctantly return to our office, our shops, or our studies to take up our respective tasks where we left off and strive to devote ourselves assiduously to our daily routines. It is hard to do so. Our minds persist in wandering, wandering back and living over again the wonderful times we enjoyed during our summer's vacation.

A few of us, the more fortunate minority, spent theirs in Atlanta at the National Convention. Marse Alex. Pach, in his own inimitable manner tells elsewhere between these covers just what a grand and glorious time they had in Georgia. And if Gen. Sherman could return for a day and read Marse Alex's article, wouldn't he be surprised to learn how very hospitable the Atlantans are to the Yankees nowadays?

The great majority of us, however, including the writer, had to be content with spending their vacation, or a part of it, at the various State reunions. We, of Kentucky, of course all attended the Centennial Reunion at Danville. Most of us missed the original reunion in 1823 and we knew if we missed this one there would not be another Centennial reunion until 2023, so rather than to wait 'til 2023 we just dropped everything and went to this one, and we're glad we did.

We should like to tell you all about this affair: of the entrancing, flashing-eyed girls—wonderful dancers—of the lovely genteel ladies and the gallant gentlemen.

The McClures were there; so were the Kannapells; so were the Muellers; so was Werner, the Louisville comedian; so was everybody—we can't mention every name. Every deaf Kentuckian who could do so, made it a point to get there. A contingent of Ohioans, 100 strong, visited us the first day and stayed to the end. From far off North Dakota came a Mr. Young who delivered a brief but brilliant address at the banquet that was plainly the hit of the evening. Mr. Fancher and Missus motor-ed over from Tennessee and arrived with their tires studded with tacks picked up enroute. They left his brass band at home, but he brought along his little Titian moustache, which same when under the electric scintillated and sparkled brightly like a ruby; or exuded a dull red glow when in the moonlight, not unlike to that of a large firefly.

Deaf owned cars of every make, from the much maligned product of a certain incubator in Detroit to the highest power-

ed limousines on the market were parked in flocks about the school grounds.

That noble animal, the horse, was nowhere in evidence. Likewise, another product of Kentucky not so noble as the horse perhaps, nor yet so beautiful as the women, but quite as famous as either, was quite conspicuous by its absence. I refer to the genuine, old, aged-in-the wood Kentucky Bourbon. Let us pause here to drop a tear, sigh pensively and ruminate concerning the way of fate. They have taken away our horse and left in its place the flivver; they have taken away our whiskey and left for us soda-pops, and we have passively submitted. Can you imagine a more pathetic sight than seeing a couple of Kentucky gentlemen jouncing along the pike in a flivver with soda-pop and lime-ade sloshing from their ears in streams every time the car hits a rough place in the road? Yet it's a common sight nowadays alas! But they still have their women. The loveliest women, the most beautiful women that sure Heaven ever shone upon, are still to be found in large numbers in Kentucky. A good percentage were at the Danville Reunion. As we said before: We'd like to tell you in detail all about that reunion but modesty forbids. Who are we that we should seek to thrust our puerile literary endeavors upon the innocent readers when there are others who are so much better qualified in every way than we to cover an affair of this sort in a much more interesting manner? Messers. Mueller and "Certified Bond" will have a detailed account of the Kentucky reunion in an early issue of this magazine and the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*. Don't fail to read them both.

Except for our little excursions to Danville and Indianapolis we spent the major part of our vacation on the farm with our family. Next summer we're going to spend it somewhere else.

Vacationing on a farm is all right if they'll treat you as a guest. But the trouble with a family is that their ideas of treating you as a guest does not coincide with your idea of how a guest should be treated. None whatever! As long as they do not actually insist that you go out in the fields with the hired hands at sun-up and toil and sweat behind a plow attached to a couple of skittish mules 'til sunset, they seem to think they're treating you with magnanimous consideration.

Now when you step on the train and leave the long narrow caverns of city streets; the unending pavements, hard and heartless; the hot stifling breaths of striving hurrying crowds and strike out for the wide blue spaces of the open skies to get the feel of the yielding earth under your feet and the touch of sweet stirring breezes among the cool leafy trees, you do so with the idea of obtaining complete rest and relaxation once you have reached your destination.

As the train goes thundering along you repose indolently in your seat and gaze contemplatively out of the window at the kaleidoscopic landscape whirling by and ruminate in delightful anticipation of the days and days of quiet carefree, restfulness in store for you.

Chunk-er-runk chunk-er-runk-runk; chunk-er-runk, chunk-er-runk-runk-runk: the wheels of your Pullman with monotonous regularity. Chunk-er-runk, chunk-er-runk runk-



Your eyes grow heavy; your head droops lower and lower and soon you are dreaming. In your visions you see yourself reclining in the hammock on the morning-glory-vine-clad porch with an interesting novel before you; or you'll be seated amongst the trailing radish vines, fishing-pole in hand, along the banks of sparkling stream; or you may be seated in a canoe looking into the eyes of a girl who is with you, while above the whang doodle sits on the topmost perch of a cantaloup tree and sends forth his concatenanted melody unheeded; or you may be seated at the table, surfeited, with your plate in front of you piled high with chicken bones and feathers clinging to the corners of your lips. So you dream and dream.

By and by the conductor touches you on the shoulder and you awake with a start to find yourself at your journey's end. Bill meets you at the station, bundles you into the car and speeds you out to the farm where you are welcomed effusively and osculated upon by all the family, not to mention some 27 dogs, cats and babies, the latter belonging to your Aunt Hetty, your sister and other relatives who happen to be there about this time every summer. Maybe there's not quite 27 of these little beasts about, but you think there must be, for you can't start anywhere without stepping on one; or take a seat without sitting on one; or open or close a door without bowling one over. Of the



*"Welcomed effusively and osculated upon by all the family."*

three, babies are the most troublesome. And, while we're on the subject, let us issue a word of caution to those, especially bachelors, who may be visiting where there are babies in the house. Always be very careful about reaching for a towel with soap in your eyes, for, like as not, instead of a towel you'll be apt to pick up and dry your face with one of those rectangular articles of wearing apparel so indispensable to the infant's wardrobe. Where babies abound, these garments are to be found laying about everywhere, in the house and out, and we for one think something should be done to put a stop to it. Why, only last night we—but that's another story.

What, with the babies and pups and kittens and things you begin to discover quite soon after your arrival that your vacation is not going to pass with that utterly carefree happy abandon you had envisaged so fondly in your sleep. About 4:30 or 5:00 the next morning you'll very likely be awakened by a collie pup athwart your chest amorously licking your countenance. With a gesture of repugnance you brush him off zip-zipping to the floor. At 5:30 you are awakened again by a shaft of sunlight streaming in your eyes. Drowsily you pull down the window shade and ponder over the idiocy of the poets who rave of the glories of the rising sun as you sink again into slumber. At 6:30 a strong savory odor of ham and

eggs a-frying greets your nostrils. Who can sleep after that? So you arise and stroll into the dining room. Of course you dress first and wash your face and teeth—that's understood.

You are greeted with: Hello old onion, where you been all the morning? You reply to their satirical greeting with a dignified "Good-morning," and sit down in your chair. You sit right up of it almost instantly with a kitten's claws digging into the seat of your trousers. Everybody laughs. You disengage yourself from the feline's clinging embrace and pitch it out the door. You then sit down again, first looking to see if the chair contains any more occupants. You then proceed to demolish a cantaloup or so, five or six eggs—sunny side up—13 slices of bacon and sugar-cured ham, 8 or 10 biscuits with butter and honey, a quart of milk, a quart of coffee, and perhaps a few other things.

We'll say this for the farm—the eats are all right.

After breakfast they explain to you that a lot of company from town is expected for dinner; that Mandy, the cook has so much to do; that Bill, the hired man, can't be spared from the fields; that all the rest are so busy, so: Would you mind running out in the garden and picking a mess of peas and beans? Without waiting for your reply they hand you a couple of bushel baskets, one for the peas and one for the beans, and gently shove you in the direction of the garden. So you go out in the garden and pick and pick and pick and pick and pick. And the sun gets hotter and hotter and hotter and hotter. By and by one basket—the bean basket—is almost half full. You think it must be near dinner time, but looking at your watch you find to your surprise it is not yet nine o'clock. As it is so early, why not rest awhile? So you retire to the shade of the grape arbor and sit down upon an inviting looking clump of grass. You remain seated on said clump for perhaps thirty seconds when something stabs you. You rise precipitantly to find your clothing live with stinging red ants. You spend the next twenty minutes picking ants instead of beans.

This makes twice you've sat down this morning with disastrous results. You're beginning to think you will not enjoy sitting around on the farm so much as you had anticipated. You return to the beans. Eons later the bean basket is full and the pea basket is about three-quarters filled. It is very hot, you are very tired and your back aches. You decide that three-quarters of a basket of peas is sufficient for a mess, or if not sufficient, you'll gladly forego your share rather than to pick more. So you return to the house weariedly and they ask you: "What made you so long?" You very properly feel a trifle resentful at this.

You are then informed that you are expected to shell all the peas and string all the beans. You expostulate. Expostulating does no good. So you sit there on the back porch and shell 'em and string 'em and cuss. You do not cuss out loud: you know better. You cuss to yourself until you get so full of pent up emotion that you're sure if someone should stick a pin in you that a stream of profanity would gush out of the resultant orifice and splatter like large drops of rain all about the immediate vicinity. Someone does just this, i. e., sticks a pin in you. It's your little four-year old nephew. He has slipped up behind you with his grandmother's darning needle and jabbed. You jump up with a blood-curdling yell and the stream gushes out and spatters about just as you thought it would. The little devil's mother, your sister, comes running out of the house greatly shocked and tells you that you ought to be ashamed of yourself frightening her innocent little angel with such language. The little angel suddenly jabs the needle into your sister. Up into the air she goes emitting an agonized yell; down she comes and lights onto the innocent little angel, and you laugh and laugh and laugh, and return to your beans revived. Finally they're finished. But you're not done yet, no such luck for you. Now you must go out to the well and draw two buckets of water. After that you churn a half an hour. Then you are sent to the corn field to gather two dozen roasting-ears. Next,

you're sent to the neighbors a half a mile away to get the i-scream freezer they borrowed last week and failed to return. You're chased by a ram as you cross the field and bitten by their dog as you enter the neighbor's yard but you get the freezer. Yes, you get the freezer and you lug it home, carefully avoiding the ram field en route. Next, according to the very order of things, you, of course, must freeze the ice cream. This done, your tasks seems ended, so you get in the hammock only to be routed out immediately and told to dress for dinner and are querulously asked: What have you been doing all the morning not to have dressed before? You feel resentful at this.

Well, the company comes just as they threatened and you have dinner. The dinner is great—fried chicken, beaten biscuit, cakes, pies, ice-cream and everything. How you enjoy it—all except the peas and beans.

After dinner all repair to the shade of the front porch.

Because you're unable to hear anything at all, all the company of course feel it their bounden duty to put you at your ease by including you in all the conversation. You haven't the slightest idea of what they say to you, but you pretend that you understand perfectly, rather than hurt their feelings by insisting that you are totally deaf when they know perfectly well you can understand them if you'll only try. So you sit there for awhile and reply "Ugh-huh," or "Huh-ugh," to their questions, and grin inanely when you see them grin, and look solemn when they look solemn, and so on. By and by someone asks you, How old are you? You laugh lightly and reply, "Huh-ugh." Such an answer to such a question tends to support your contention and make them realize you really are deaf and have not been lying to them about it. They hold a sort of consultation about you for awhile. Then one of them accepts your pad and pencil, which same have hitherto been contemptuously rejected when offered by you before, and writes upon it: Why don't you learn to read the lips? This is the last straw; you can endure no more.

You spring up with a wild whoop and go streaking it for the wooded hillsides where you remain in the fastness of the densest thickets 'til you are certain a sufficient interval has elapsed for the company to have departed. Then, and not 'til then do you retrace your steps to the house. Returning you cross a field where a gentleman cow is browsing. He notices you and stops browsing. Suddenly, with head downward, he starts toward you. You do not start towards him, head downward. You start for a persimmon tree in just the opposite direction and your head is upward and your feet a flying. You reach said tree a scant ten feet ahead of the gentleman cow. The lowest branch on it is 14 feet from the

ground. You do not pause to reflect how utterly impossible it is for a human being to jump that high, but you jump and grab hold of that limb and draw yourself up to safety. Had it been 24 feet instead of 14 feet you would have done the same. Yea, verily, when the sulphurous breath of a rampant, bellowing bull is coming in fitful gusts against the seat of one's trousers there is no limit to the feats the occupant of said trousers may perform. "Give the man the proper incentive and he will reach to any heights to which he may aspire," is an old adage and a true one.

And there you sit on the branch of the persimmon tree observing the sadness of the dying sunset and not enjoying the wonderful views on every side of you one bit. It seems you just can't enjoy sitting around anywhere on the farm a-tall. Bill, good old Bill, hoves into view at last and discovering your predicament gets a pitch-fork and with the aid of two houn dawgs manages to drive Mr. Bill away. You return to terra-firma once more with a glow of honest affection in your heart for hound dawgs and hired hands and a feeling of positive antipathy for bulls. You give Bill a dollar on the condition that he not mention this little incident at the house. He promises.

So you return to the house carefully reconnoitering before entering the yard to make sure the company has left. You get there just in time for supper. When you're on the farm you'll notice you are always on time for your meals. Others notice this also. It gets to be quite a standing joke with them: your unflinching punctuality in this one particular respect.

This supper does not prove the most bounteous repast in the world consisting as it does of left overs from the preceding meal, with the principal items on the bill-of-fare being lack of olives, pickles, chicken wings, chicken neck, potato salad and warm ice-tea; while for desert there is melted i-scream, meringue pie and icing cake without icing—the children being responsible for the icing and meringue. Nevertheless, you do the meal full justice.

After supper you are taken into the kitchen and shown a tremendous stack of unwashed dishes piled high on the table. It seems Mandy's inamorata, a certain ebony hued gent employed on an adjacent farm, by the name of George Washington Spokane Jackson Brown, but more familiarly known as "Spoke," had called earlier in the afternoon in his red, fourth-handed flivver and invited Mandy to go for a spin and Mandy had accepted the invitation with alacrity, leaving the dishes to their fate. As you gaze at those dishes you have a premonition that something terrible is about to happen. It



MEMBERS OF THE N. F. S. D. IN ATTENDANCE AT THE CONVENTION OF

does. A tea towel is thrust into your hands and you are informed that you must wipe all those dishes. All the others have been given perfectly logical, indisputable reasons why you should do so and why they should not. You do not protest. What good would it do? Were you to tell them that the least physical exertion in your present state of fatigue, would be the most dangerous thing in the world for your delicate constitution, they would only jeer at you and call you lazy. So with the fortitude of an early Christian martyr you stand there and wipe those dishes for hours and hours and hours. You wear out three towels. Eventually you are finished, however. You heave a sigh of relief and depart. You encounter your sister as you pass thru the hall. Without so much a "By your leave," she unceremoniously thrusts a bundle of clothing containing within them an infant child about six months old, into your unwilling arms and coerces you into agreeing to rock it to sleep while she busies herself otherwise. The thing seems to take an instinctive dislike to you from the first. This feeling you return with interest. You find a chair and start rocking. The little brat does not fall asleep immediately. It will shut its eyes, however, just to tantalize you, but always opens them spasmodically whenever you stop rocking. You would like to strangle the little pest. You rock and rock and rock. It does not go to sleep. But you do. You doze off and you dream that you are in a boat out on a storm-ridden sea; that it is raining very hard; that you are getting quite damp; a large wave hits the boat and you awaken with a sudden start which sends the baby catapulting to the floor. It lands on its head, but unfortunately, does not break its neck, and sets up a caterwauling fit to awaken the dead. The women-folks all come rushing in and grab the thing from you and make over it and kiss the bump on its head, all the while looking at you in that accusing sort of a way that women have of looking at those who have committed some heinous atrocity; while your sister proclaims indignantly to the world: She'll never trust a child of hers with you again. Never! She said a mouthful—No! By Heaven she will not! Not if you know it!

It is very late now, you are very tired and sleepy, so you decide to go to bed. You lay there in the dark and scratch you-chigger bitten body as you go over the events of the day in your mind with more or less pleasure—certainly not more.

You vaguely recall the dreams you had on the train, of canoes and girls and hammocks and fishing poles. You scratch. By and by you drift off into a fitful slumber and toss about the long night thru and dream of bulls and babies and pups and cats, and beans and peas and rams and rats, and ants and flees

with squalling brats, and bugs and bees and things like that, 'til morning.

There, my friends, I have set before you an excellent sample of the average vacation day spent upon the farm as the guest of one's family. After reading this, do you blame me when I say: "I intend to spend my vacation somewhere else next summer?"

To those of you who read this, who have not the pleasure of being personally acquainted with us and cannot therefore be expected to know what an excellent reputation for voracity—veracity, we mean—we have, this recountal may seem a trifle exaggerated. Some may even think it is grossly distorted. But let us assure you even as we forgive you for thinking such thunks of us that you are entirely mistaken. That everything we mentioned in this article occurred about as related. If anything, we have been too conservative.

## Difficulties of Ours. I.



"But it is quite dark in the park. We won't be able to sign to each other in there."

"Don't worry, Dear, I am carrying a flashlight."



THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF, ATLANTA, GA., AUGUST 13-18, 1923

A. L. FACH PHOTO.



# The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPE ..... Editor.  
GEORGE S. PORTER ..... Associate Editor and Business Mgr.

The Silent Worker is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading, this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The Silent Worker is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

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Vol. 36

OCTOBER, 1923

No. 1

## Dr. Edward Allen Fay

Since the last issue of this magazine the Great Reaper removed from the world of the deaf its most distinguished educator—Edward Allen Fay, M.A., Litt D., Sc., Ph.D. An account of Dr. Fay's life work can be found on page 2 of this issue.

## Conventions

During the summer quite a number of conventions of the deaf were held in different parts of the country, but the one that stands out above all others is the one held at Atlanta, Georgia, August 13-18 last, the thirteenth triennial meeting of the National Association of the Deaf. Excepting the tragic event at the East Lake Country Club the Atlanta Convention was way ahead of all other N. A. D. conventions in the matter of entertainments. On all sides were evidences of that most pleasant Southern hospitality. Those in charge were untiring in their efforts to carry out the program. Every consideration was given to make the stay of the delegates pleasant—and in this they succeeded.

The convention voted to continue THE SILENT WORKER as the official organ of the Association and we will continue to pay membership dues of all those subscribers to this magazine who are members of the Association.

## Athletics and Art

Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, Professor of Physical Education at the University of Pennsylvania, is widely known as one whose career has been equally distinguished in science and art. He comes to the work of the sculptor

with unusual equipment. He lectured at the University of California in summer time. A part of one of the lectures he recently delivered as reported by the local press, reads as follows:

"TO TAKE ATHLETICS OUT OF COMMERCE AND INTRODUCE ART AS THE GREEKS DID, IS TO BRING IT UP TO ITS RIGHTFUL PLACE," said Dr. MacKenzie. "In the Greek stadia were great statues of the Olympian winners similar to the Football Group by Douglas Tilden under the oak trees on the California campus. This commemorates a great athletic victory, and," added Dr. MacKenzie, "I do not know of another place in the country where such a thing has been done."

"Douglas Tilden," continued Dr. MacKenzie, "is perhaps the greatest sculptor that California has produced and the Football Group is the best piece of sculpture of an athletic character that I know of."

And speaking of Douglas Tilden, it is refreshing news to learn that he has at last returned to his Art after abandoning it for the grinding machine in an automobile gear factory since the World War.

## Invitation From Abroad

We have received a cordial invitation to the 60th anniversary of the foundation of the Mutual Benefit Association of the Deaf at Liege, Belgium, to take place from June 7 to June 10, 1924. A jubilee celebration had been planned in 1914, but, owing to the outbreak of the World War, had to be abandoned.

The details of the program have not been definitely decided upon, yet, but arrangements are being made for an elaborate celebration, especially from a social point of view. Should any deaf from the United States happen to be on the other side at that time, they are sure of a hearty welcome if they attend.

All correspondence should be addressed to M. Antoine Dresse, 38, Rue du Jardin Bonatigue, Liege, Belgium,

## Three Interesting Books

THE SILENT WORKER takes pleasure in announcing that next month three books will be added to our combination list, which will be of great help to the deaf.

"We and Our Work," by Joseph French Johnson, President Alexander Hamilton Institute; Dean and Professor of Political Economy, New York University, should be read by every deaf person who is working in any shop. It is for the man on the job and gives him a correct view-point of economics. It is illustrated from cover to cover and the English is very clear.

"We and Our History," by Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of Government in Harvard University, is another book along the same line.

"We and Our Government," by Jeremiah Whipple Jenks and Rufus Daniel Smith, gives a complete account

of the government and is profusely illustrated. Every modern method of visual education which can be applied to a book is used in these three volumes.

## New School Bill Defeated

The Montana State Legislature has defeated the bill for the removal of the School for the Deaf at Boulder from that of the Blind. An investigation is said to have been made and it is also stated that it was never conducted outside the Capitol Building. They will bring the bill before the legislature again when they next go into session. They have made a fixed determination that they shall have the legislature pass the bill. Let's wish them luck.

## From France

Mr. Etienne Janio writes from Paris, France, asking us to make public the following extracts from the Constitution of "Association Francaise et Etrangers des Sourds-Muets pour leur Advancement General:"

### Extract of Statutes

Article 1. The object of the association is to co-ordinate the efforts of the deaf and dumb and their friends and teachers in France and abroad, with the object of perfecting and broadening their intellectual and professional instruction, and uniting against the decadence resulting from imperfect methods of education and unfortunate public prejudice, which threaten to handicap the "Silent World," while on the contrary a marked progress is noticeable in all other social classes.

Consequently, the Association Francaise et Etrangers des Sourds-Muets is a society formed for the purposes of propaganda and instruction.

The principal items of its program are:

1. To band together the deaf and dumb of all nations; to encourage their mutual relations.
2. To attain, either by National or international action, the objects demanded by them; to create schools in districts which are at the moment not possessed of same.
3. To organize their participation in international congresses.
4. To ensure that the proposals adopted by these congresses are fulfilled.
5. To conserve the use of the language of signs as invented by the "Abbe de l'Epee," which is understood by the deaf and dumb throughout the world; to demand its use in the deaf and dumb schools as well as any other method; to familiarize persons who hear and speak, with the deaf and dumb alphabet.
6. To defend the right of the deaf and dumb to free and compulsory education—both elementary and secondary; to assure them a good industrial apprenticeship; to widen the scope of the trades taught to them.
7. To defend the rights of the deaf and dumb in their daily work, to obtain for them a remuneration in accordance with their aptitudes, as regards both private and State-owned enterprises.
8. In general, to protest against prejudices, to urge upon the public, by means of leaflets and articles, what the deaf and dumb really are—namely, men endowed more or less with the same mental, moral and physical qualities as the rest of the world.

Article 2. The society is composed of the deaf and dumb, of both French and foreign nationality; also of such members of the hearing and speaking public as may sympathize with their cause.

Article 3. Any deaf and dumb person having reached the age of discretion, will have the right of admission on

being proposed by two members, unless opposition for a given reason be raised, when the case will be submitted to the general meeting.

Article 4. The deaf and dumb of allied, or neutral countries sympathetic to France, will be admitted without difficulty—in the case of others, rules will be made later, according to the decisions taken by the French Government.

Article 5. The Society is composed:

1. Of life members.
2. Of benefactors.
3. Of honorary members.
4. Of active members.
5. Adherents.

Article 6. **Life members** will consist of those persons who donate to the society a lump sum of Frs. 100.

**Benefactors** will consist of persons paying to the society a subscription of Frs. 25.—and upwards.

**Honorary members** will consist of those who pay an annual subscription of Frs. 10.

**Active members** will consist of those who pay an annual subscription of from Frs. 3 to Frs. 5.

Adherents will consist of those who pay an annual subscription of Fr. 1.

For all enquiries, those interested are asked to write to Mr. Etienne Janio, International Secretary, 22, Rue La Condamine, Paris (17<sup>eme</sup>) France.

Mr. Etienne Janio will be very thankful to receive subscriptions from any French and foreign deaf and dumb, in favor of the "Association Francaise et Etrangers des Sourds-Muets pour leur Advancement General."

It will be seen from a careful perusal of the foregoing that the objectives of the French and International Association for the General Advancement of the Deaf are practically the same as our own National Association of the Deaf. The word "dumb" as used by our French cousins, and in fact too often by our own people, is extremely objectionable to the American deaf, who discourage its use, and we hope the time will come when the word "dumb" will be eliminated from the vocabulary of all nations as far as the deaf are concerned.

The efforts of the French to induce the associations of the deaf of all nations to affiliate with theirs, for the common good of all the deaf, is commendable and deserves careful consideration. It is the desire of Mr. Janio to have the information circulated in this country as much as possible, so will the l. p. f. please copy?

## The California School Hard Hit

The retrenchment policy of the California Legislature has affected the School for the Deaf at Berkeley to such an extent that the industrial side of the school will suffer a deplorable set back during the coming year. The printing and dairying departments are among those that have been suspended. We shall miss the *News*, because it is one of the best of the l.p.f. and we feel that the California School has been deprived of one of its most valuable assets.

A slight mix-up in pages 8 and 9 was discovered after they had been run off the press. We hope our readers and Mr. Howson in particular will overlook this oversight and be able to make the proper connection.

## The Woman and The Home

*Edited by Mabel Pearson Moore*



### The Budget System



ACATION days are over and the great masses of humanity are beginning another year of hard labor. Does the housewife welcome it? Yes, she does with all her heart if, during the summer months, she has had one or two weeks vacation away from her household cares. She returns to her kitchen refreshed and strong with a clear, keen eye ready for business.

But to the wife who has not this little respite, it is merely another year of plain work. This work of hers is vastly complicated. There are a hundred and one big and little tasks that must be done about the home by her. Who could possibly avoid a few nerves from being piled up at the end of each year? And when the housewife goes on from year to year without a release, is it any wonder that they say, "Ah, woman is but a bundle of nerves!"

Too often the scarcity of funds keeps the housewife forever at her task. It is to these wives that we devote this page, with the hope that perhaps we can help assure her of a vacation for next summer by beginning to work for it now.

We suggest the budget system.

We do not know to whom we are indebted for this scheme of spending money wisely. Certainly it might have been invented by a bride to whom, after working a number of years in an office, the spending of all of hubby's income and then not knowing just where it had gone, was not exactly right. Besides there was never anything left for a vacation. Her office boss allowed her a two weeks' vacation with pay. He knew she would make up in efficiency later when she returned to her office. Why should not this rule work just as well in the home.

Men are dear, good creatures. They work hard to keep up the family income, hand over the money and ask no questions. In fact, the price of the dinner steak makes little difference to them as long as it is tender and there is plenty of it. Still, as the old saying goes, "A woman can throw out more with a teaspoon than a man can bring home in a wagon." 'Tis true, the woman does most of the spending. Practically every cent passes in and out of her hands for food, households, clothing and other necessities. If there are no funds left at the end of the month, is the husband entirely at fault? Is it not the wife's business to see that there are funds left at the bank to provide for old age and also for a little vacation for both husband and wife at the end of each year?

The budget system shows in black and white just where the money goes. The husband and wife know how much money is to be spent for each necessity BEFORE they spend it, not AFTER they spend it. They set aside a certain percentage of the income for each necessity and keep strictly WITHIN THAT AMOUNT. A suggested percentage for the various necessities for two persons having an income of two thousand dollars is as follows: Food, 20 per cent.; clothing, 15 per cent.; households, 12 per cent.; rent 18 per cent.; total incidentals, 8 per cent.;

charity, 5 per cent. This leaves 22 per cent. for Savings and Insurance. No more than 10 per cent. is suggested for insurance. Of course the above percentages should vary with the income and the number of persons in the family. However where a little squinting is required, the more interesting the budget will be and the bigger the bank account.

We are showing in an accompanying cut one kind of budget arrangement. It can be used as a foundation for a start. As other necessities arise, they can be included in one of the columns, or a new column may be added, but always with a fixed percentage of the income which is to be given for this new necessity.

The budget system is very interesting when worked out by the husband and wife together. In fact there might be fewer divorces if both were to get down to business as real business partners which they were meant to be! Since the husband does at least some of the buying, he should feel equally responsible to keep within the fixed limits of the various funds. The everyday necessities seem to be food and those that go in the incidental columns, so more attention must be given to them. The wife looks after the food expenses while the husband attends to the incidentals, which include drugs, amusements, smokes confectionery, books, periodicals and car fare. All these have separate columns so as to judge the proportional expenditure for each, but it is suggested that they all come under a fixed percentage of the salary and be added up at the end of each week under one column, "Total Incidentals." This will enable the husband to see at a glance about how much he has left for the rest of the month.

Other general necessities such as rent, laundry, households, clothing, insurance and charity, have a fixed fund each and do not require so strict watching as the every day needs. However there are often sacrifices to be made. The buying of clothing will require more thought than a passing whim to possess a certain frock. Laundry, gas, and electric bills will have to be watched. If the wife spends five dollars of her food fund for a sack of sugar, she will have to use her wits to get up tempting dishes with the cheaper meats and vegetables in order to be within her rights at the end of the month. On the other hand, if hubby's watch gets broken, the bill will go to the incidental column which will mean fewer movie shows, less candy and cigars and an occasional walk to town to save car fare which will no doubt be good for our general health. However, with time, as the husband and wife help each other to keep within their amounts, it all becomes more of a pleasure than a task. In fact, a great deal of fun can be derived from it.

Since it is not always convenient to get out the budget sheet every time something is bought, a little pad can be hung up in the kitchen in a convenient place and the day's expenditures jotted down. Then two or three days' expenses put down on the budget sheet at one time. At the end of the month all expenses, savings, etc., are summed up and if the total balances with the monthly income, the budget is correct.



## SEPTEMBER

	RENT	CLOTHING	LAUNDRY	HOUSEHOLD	FOOD	DRUGS	AMUSEMENT	GIFTS	ICE CREAM	INCIDENTALS	BOOKS	PERIODICALS	SMOKES	CLUBS	TOTAL	CHURCH	INSURANCE	SAVINGS	TOTALS
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GRAND TOTAL---																			

The workings of the budget system are very fascinating when once gotten in order. Often the housewife must figure and ponder over her budget sheets in order to save which will enable them to enjoy a comfortable old age and also to have a vacation each year. To more conveniently enable the housewife to look after her budget, the modern housewife demands a built-in desk for her

kitchen. If one could see amongst her books, duns and bills, having prompt settlement with the ice man, the milk man, the coal man, and the newspaper man she would look for all the world like the head of some dreadfully big business house. And she is! For is not the home the biggest and best business establishment in the world after all?

## CONVENTION ECHOES

(Continued from page 19)

There were two incidents worth recording. On the way down, the second day, Friday, August 10th, the ship stopped for five minutes out of respect to President Harding and it was noted that other ships within vision did likewise. The other incident was the entertainment which the passengers got up for the last evening. A number of them became friendly with the deaf and learned to spell on their fingers with surprising quickness, and with this acquaintance formed they thought it a good idea to have one of our party represented on the program of stunts.

The writer of this was made the unwilling "goat." At eight o'clock the passengers gathered in the music saloon and the entertainment started. After awhile the writer's turn came. He was introduced as the "Great Russian Lecturer on Foreign Affairs," and as he was about to give a humorous recitation in natural pantomime that any one could understand a hearing gentleman, who could use the sign language fairly well, butted in by asking him a number of questions in signs. Of course the deaf man answered in signs and then he was bowed out by the Chairman. The hearing gentleman meant well, but unconsciously spoiled a little stunt that the passengers would have certainly enjoyed.

In our party there was a "poetess", a job compositor, a linotype operator, two business men, two grade teachers, one instructor of printing, two workers in precious metals, one dressmaker and one business woman, so there was no end of interesting subjects to talk about. The poetess felt the inspiration coming over her and penned an ode for Captain Johnson

who will doubtless treasure it among his most precious possessions. Another, who felt rather lonesome, because his year-old bride was not along, saw more of the ship and of the sea than did the others. It was he who first saw the flying fish, the dolphins and the porpoises and lots more that he did not care to tell about. Then there were two products of the Rochester School—a man and a woman,—both good talkers, but the man spelled so fast and so steadily from morning till night that he was frequently interrupted in the middle of his talk and asked if he wound himself up every night like an alarm clock and as soon as he awoke started his fingers going like lightning until bedtime. Another—I am not giving names—busied himself all the way from New York to Savannah getting acquainted with all the pretty girls he could find on the promenade deck and on the return trip one of our party was such a flirt she became acquainted with hosts of young men whom she persisted in teaching each the manual alphabet. In this she succeeded admirably. Others of the party were evidently enjoying themselves and their smiles and giggles became so contagious that the ship actually shimmied. Crossing into the interior from Savannah to Atlanta, Mr. Souweine fell asleep, sitting close to the window and when he awoke one side of his face was black, perspiration having gathered all the coal dust striking his face. The conductor passing through the car mistook him for a colored gentleman and started to take him into the "Jim Crow" car reserved for colored people, when his friends came to his rescue by calling the attention of the conductor to the other side of Mr. Souweine's face which was white. A little bit puzzled the conductor smiled and passed on.

G. S. P.

# ATHLETICS

(Articles pertaining to sports in connection with the deaf will be welcomed by this department)

Edited by F. A. MOORE

## Camp Point O' The Woods

*An Ideal Spot Along The Connecticut Shore on Long Island Sound.*

*A Reminder of Those Dear Old College Days at Great Falls.*

By J. L. SULLIVAN



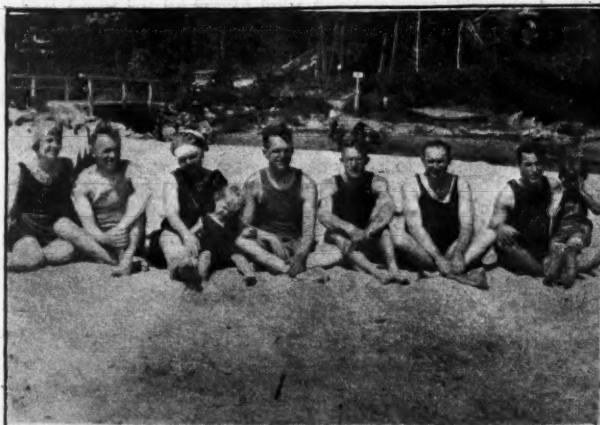
THOSE who have to dwell in the cities amid the dust and the din, when nature ushers in Beautiful Spring with its trees and flowers in full bloom, there comes a longing to roam all over the country, or to climb up the mountains, or to camp in the woods or on the seashore to lead the lives we wish to live. While that longing grew stronger and stronger, taking full possession of every fiber in the human being, several men who attended Gallaudet several years ago, but are now working in different cities, met one day and determined to bring that feeling into actual reality. So accordingly, the camping place was picked out to be held during the last two weeks in August in Point O' Woods, a summer resort located in South Lyme, Conn. A better place could not have been chosen, for during the time spent there the campers grew to love it and in their hearts they sang soft melodies praising the beauties which nature unfolded before their eyes.

The morning of August 19th, Michael Lapides, Joseph Bouchard and the writer were shoved off from Mike's large Packard by the colored chauffeur into a big tent guaranteed to withstand the rain and the sea storms. Pretty soon was seen approaching a Ford overlaid with all sorts of poles, tin pans, etc., and which appeared to be steering itself. It stopped before the tent and out from the paraphernalia sprang the robust Durian, his chubby wife, Elsie, and their daughter Contance. The car was speedily relieved of its burden while Mrs. Durian was making a whirlwind job of cooking dinner. Never was a meal so welcome after the long automobile ride and the fresh salt air. The meal over, a bee line was made for the beach where swimming and sun bathing were enjoyed all afternoon. Bouchy sprawled himself upon the beach at once and by supper time was able to boast of a very beautiful crimson hide. He kept up this practice of exposing himself to Old Sol's rays throughout the two weeks. His faithful efforts were well rewarded, for when the camping days were over he was the proud possessor of a coat of dark tan which any life-guard would have envied.

A camping party is never complete until all the members have shown up so, naturally, we looked forward to the coming of Mr. and Mrs. Moore from Trenton, N. J. We had been informed that they would arrive on Wednesday morning. On that day we all got up early and after eating a hurried breakfast, climbed into the Ford and started in the direction of the station, leaving behind the writer who was not so fortunate to finish washing the dishes just after the others had gotten up from the table. In about twenty minutes the car returned with all the occupants looking disappointed, saying that, though the train had come on time, the ones looked for did not alight from the train. However, we assumed a hopeful frame of mind when the time table showed

that another train would be due late in the afternoon. When that train was due the writer got in the car with the rest of the crowd leaving behind this time Joe Bouchard to complete the arduous task of peeling potatoes. Like its predecessor the afternoon train came on time, and we strained our eyes for a sight of our long expected friends, but the conductor was the only one to get off. After waiting a minute he signalled to the engineer, who seemed to feel insulted to have been compelled to stop at such a small station as South Lyme. We were a sorry looking lot standing on the station platform regarding each other in mournful silence, and wondering if they would never come at all. Mike Lapides seemed to be peeved at the idea of dolling up twice during the day and taking two trips to the station and one trip back in the car, for he politely but firmly declined to ride back again in the car for the second time, shouting that as he did not take any physical exercise during the day he might as well walk back for the sake of his health.

Early the next morning, Joe who is a great lover of outdoor life, awoke from his deep slumber, stirred on his cot which he had removed from the tent the night before believing he could sleep better out in the open, raised his head to survey with his half sleepy eyes his surroundings, and was conscious of some one looking at him. He saw a young man dressed up in a light gray suit and wearing a straw hat peering at him over the top of tall shrubs. Joe sat upright in his cot and challenged with a fixed stare. Then that young man came forward with his face wreathed in smiles. Gradually there dawned on Joe's half sleepy senses a gleam of recognition. He jumped out of his cot and hastened into the tent and in frantic signs informed Mike and the writer both who had awakened half an hour ago but as they were spending their days at a camp they decided to lead a dog's life and would get up only when they felt like it, that Fred Moore the supposed long lost one had arrived. We jumped out of our cots, dashed out of the tent with the same speed had we been informed that a fire-engine had come around the corner, grabbed his hand and told him how glad we were to see him again. During the excitement we looked for Mrs. Moore but were told that she remained at the station while he ventured alone bravely to try and find our tent. He had a hunch when he was passing our tent that it was the one he was looking for but dared not come near for fear he would be taken for a burglar, and it was not until he recognized Joe on the cot that he dared to come forward. Joe gave Walter such a rough shove that he thought the top of the tent had fallen on him and broke to him the glad news. Then Walter took us to the station where we met Mrs. Moore and brought her to the tent. There was another happy reunion. Fred explained they had come up by boat instead of by train and that cleared the reason why the two



1. The Camping Party—Left to right: Mrs. Moore, Mr. Moore, Mrs. Durian with her daughter Constance, Mr. Durian, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Lapides, and Mr. Bouchard with Eleanor
2. Two Unique Characters, "Fatty" Mike and "Skinny" Sullivan
3. A View of Point 'O' the Woods and the Beach
4. Taking Things Easy
5. The Camp "Bosses"
6. A Quartet of Gallaudet Conn. Alumni. Left to right: Bouchard, '21, Lapides, '13, Sullivan, '17, and Rockwell, '16
7. Peeling Potatoes for Dinner



trips to the smallest station in the world were heartbreaking. Now that all the members of the party were present, Walter Durian voted by the co-eds to be the "Beau Brummel!" during his college days, assumed the role of "Herr Director" to set things going. He proved to be an ardent worker and was always ready to see that all of us were enjoying ourselves. At the same time he kept his eye on the men to see that they did their small tasks as per "The Gentleman's agreement." Mike abhorred the idea of washing dishes, so whenever his turn came he would inform everybody that he was going to the store to buy more provisions to save the others from the trouble of getting them themselves. The writer soon fell a victim to the same disease, for he insisted on going to the village Post-Office for the mail, and he would be gone half the way before the Beau Brummel would discover whose turn it was to wash the dishes. To prove the goodness of his heart, he placed his ear at our disposal, permitting us to avail ourselves of free rides whenever the spirit moved us, and, of course, we unmercifully cranked that tin can again and again, and with Mike at the wheel we drove like the blazes over the country roads leaving our fellow tourists trailing behind to get along with our clouds of dust as best as they could. In the evening when every one at the shore, both young and old, dresses up to promenade along the beach, the Beau Brummel would appear in his golf suit, with light gray stockings, showing to the world well shaped calves, which may have been developed from running after trolley cars or from booting the pigskin over the bars during his college days. He looked irritated when some one asked him "Where are your golf sticks? Not to be outdone, Mike would show up in his knickers looking more like riding breeches and he was very much annoyed when a fresh guy asked him "Where is your horse?"

Most of our time during the day was spent on the silver-like sand beach. Some of us would play ball or lie down and bathe in the sun's rays while others would go swimming in the water most of the time. None of us could boast of being great swimmers, though Mr. and Mrs. Moore and Mike would venture out to the float a considerable distance away. There they would give free exhibitions of fancy diving, which those who remained on the beach would envy. But to show that they could do other things just as well, they would get up from the beach and go fishing and clamming. The Beau Brummel proved to be the best fisherman of us all, for he caught the greatest number, but like the modest chap he is, he refused to have his picture taken showing his long string of fish. We dug out a lot of clams, enough to last us a full week, and Mrs. Moore, who was brought up in Iowa, said she never felt so clammy before in her life.

To fully appreciate the beauty and grandeur of the scenery as seen from Point O' Woods one would have to take a trip to that place. Facing the sea one could see the waves roll and roll majestically towards the sky-like blue horizon. White sailboats could be seen sailing serenely by. Coal barges could be seen outlined against the horizon plowing through the seas being towed manfully by little tugboats. Excursion steamers, private pleasure yachts and oyster boats, would lend a different touch to the picture day after day. In the far distance could be seen the islands of Long Island with their perpendicular cliffs glittering in the sun. To the left could be seen a big rock, or rather small mountain, covered with trees and shrubs where many people have elected to have their cottages built because they would be on an ideal spot overlooking the sea. Often during the moonlight nights we would climb to the rocks extending out into the sea to admire the beautiful sight of the moonlight rays reflecting on the waters. From our place we could see in the distance the white lights shot out from lighthouses and the red lights from the buoys warning ships of their danger. We would lay on our backs and look up at the starry heavens so far away from us and contemplate the wonders of the universe with a feeling which we cannot describe, only we knew that we were face to face with the infinite. To add to the

picturesque scenery, there were people on the beach who day after day would never tire of watching the sea-gulls flying over the waters near where the tide would come in and recede. It was an inspiring sight to watch these beautiful white birds fly in circles waiting for an opportune time to catch their prey. Whenever they saw the prey, they would circle slowly until they were right over it, hang in the air momentarily and then as straight as an arrow dart into the waters and come out with small fish in their bills, and rise gracefully to devour their prey. Soon they would resume their task of circling and circling overhead looking for another chance to try their skill. Any one with artistic or poetic inclinations would have to look long before he could find a place more alluring than Point O' Woods.

In the evenings, after the table had been cleared of dishes which had contained the best cooking we ever tasted outside home, every one of us would find something to do to amuse ourselves. Mrs. Durian would get out her knitting and with skillful fingers get busy. Mrs. Moore would do some fancy embroidery work on a cloth to be used as a covering for a sofa pillow. After reading the sporting pages of both the morning and evening papers the men would gather around and by the pale light of the oil-lamp tell each other stories of Romance, Adventure, Politics, and Philosophy, and anything else worth talking about. All of us are graduates of Gallaudet with the exception of Mrs. Durian who graduated from the Mount Airy School. She was too pretty to go to college, for as soon as she had walked out of the school grounds in her white dress with a rose in her hair and holding in her hand the diploma, the Beau Brummel took no chances and escorted her to the altar to the tune of a wedding march. She proved to be just as well informed on different subjects as we were and shared in our talks. One night a great change took place. Joe who was called "Hercules," because of his massive build and great strength, would watch the crowd with sleepy eyes and then go out to sleep in a hammock. It happened that one of us had seen a skunk prowling on our camping site early that evening, and we were wondering where it had come from and what good purpose it had for trespassing upon our property. At the mere mention of an animal, though it was only a skunk, Joe suddenly grew wide awake and wanted to tell us all he knew about the habits of that animal and of its contribution to humanity. Then we were treated to a very interesting talk from one who had a love of animals born in him. That evening Joe was the man of the hour. Fred and Mike, called "The seashore philosophers," who had the floor for themselves most of the evenings making others ashamed of their ignorance, were now put out of the running. Finally some one blew out the oil-lamp and we went to bed with graphic descriptions of his talk still lingering in our minds and feeling as if we just had read two volumes of Natural History.

No matter wherever people live there are bound to be neighbors. The people who lived in a cottage near us were very nice and friendly making our stay very pleasant. They had several bright and pretty children who introduced themselves to little Constance, an unusually bright child for her age, and they spent most of the time playing together. Eleanor, one of the small children, would dash into our tent any time she wished with smiling face and shining eyes, and to quote Fred's words, "That child brings cheer everytime she comes."

One Sunday morning we were surprised with a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rockwell, who came in their big touring car, bringing with them a big watermelon and a box of grapes. In the afternoon we went in a dignified procession down to the beach. Cameras were kept busy clicking, taking pictures destined to be handed down from our children to their children. Walter Rockwell, who was a great athlete during his college days, attracted considerable attention with his Apollo figure.

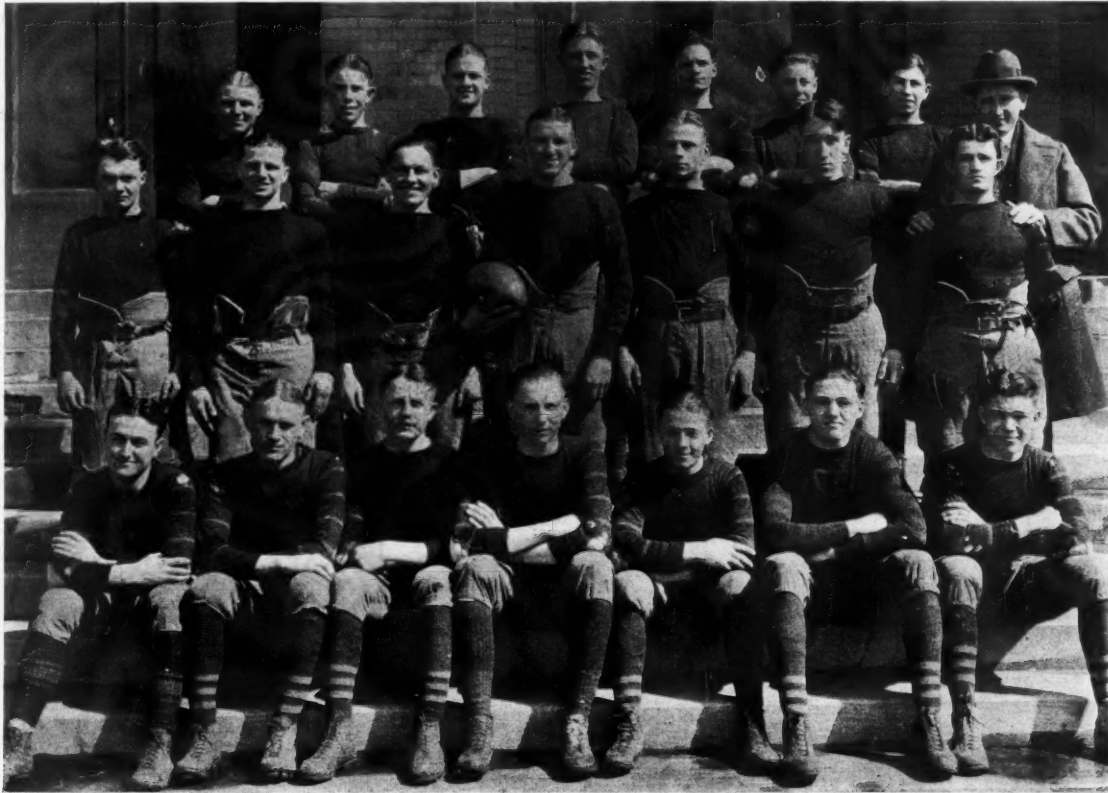
Camping days cannot last forever and it was with aching hearts when we were obliged to leave—but there's next year.

The Mandan Pioneer of June 30, contains an item to the effect that Rolf Harmsen who is now at home at Hazen for the summer is training for entrance in the international Olympic games which are to be held in Paris in 1924, and expects to try for the 100-and the 220-yard dashes. Rolf has made brilliant records both in North Dakota and in the East while attending Gallaudet College the past year and we hope he will be one of the Americans entitled to entrance in the World's court of games.

## THE NEBRASKA SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM

RECORD 1923 SEASON

Technical High .....	0	N. S. D. ....	12
Plattsmouth High .....	13	N. S. D. ....	0
Central High .....	25	N. S. D. ....	19
Creighton Preps .....	7	N. S. D. ....	25
Ashland High .....	27	N. S. D. ....	0
South Omaha High .....	8	N. S. D. ....	21
Iowa School for the Deaf ...	0	N. S. D. ....	7



FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE NEBRASKA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

1st Row— Floyd Zabel, R. E.; Peter Rewolinski, R. T.; George Revers, R. G.; Christian Ritz, C.; Edward Engel, L. G.; John Blaha, L. T.; John Flood, L. E.  
 2nd Row—Lillis Decker, L. E.; Robert Reicker, R. H. B.; Hans Neujahr, G. B. & R. H. B.; John Scheneman, (Capt.) F. B.; Nick Peterson, G. B.; Alfred Marshall, L. H. B.; Marvin Campbell, L. E.  
 3rd Row—Subs. Rudy Chermok, William Sinclair, Edmond Berney, Leonard Hallquise, Francis Milano, Edward Whaley, Abe Rosenblatt, Coach J. W. Jackson.

THE CAMP FIRE AT CAMP GALLAUDET  
Spring of 1923AT CAMP GALLAUDET  
Spring of 1923

# National Association of the Deaf

Organized 1800. Incorporated 1900. An organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf

## OFFICERS

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS, *President*  
130 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

O. W. UNDERHILL, *First Vice-President*  
School for the Deaf, St. Augustine, Fla.

MRS. C. L. JACKSON, *Second Vice-President*  
21 Gordon St., Atlanta, Ga.



F. A. MOORE, *Secretary and Treasurer*  
School for the Deaf, Trenton, N. J.

JAMES H. CLOUD, *Board Member*  
2606 Virginia Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

THOMAS F. FOX, *Board Member*  
91 Ft. Washington Ave., N. Y. City.

J. W. HOWSON, *Board Member*  
California School for the Deaf, Berkeley, Cal.

## Officers of the N. A. D.

The officers elected to guide the Association for the next three years are:

A. L. Roberts, of Chicago, Ill., President  
O. W. Underhill, of Florida, First Vice-President  
Mrs. C. L. Jackson, of Georgia, Second Vice-President  
F. A. Moore, of Trenton, N. J., Sec'y-Treas.  
J. H. Cloud, of Missouri, T. F. Fox, of New York, and  
J. W. Howson, of California, Trustees.

## Official Organs

Instead of having its official information confined to one organ, as has been done in the past, the Association has voted to add *The Deaf Citizen* of North Carolina, *The Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, *The Jewish Deaf*, and the *National Optimist* to that of *THE SILENT WORKER*. In this way it believes its information will be better distributed and thereby reach a larger percentage of members.

## Notice

Henry L. Stafford, of Duluth, Minn., has been appointed Chairman of the D. l'Epee Memorial Statue Committee succeeding Samuel Frankenheim, of New York City. The latter has been made Treasurer of the Committee, in which position he has been acting in addition to his duties as Chairman since the resignation of Anton Schroeder, of St. Paul, Minn., over a year ago.

## The Atlanta Convention

The South lived up to every expectation. Every member of the National Association who attended the recent convention at Atlanta will agree to this. The entertainment features of the program have never been excelled by any convention in the history of the association, if indeed equalled. This is said without prejudice to other conventions that have gone before. The Atlanta Local Committee was splendidly organized and able to command the assistance and services of influential people in Atlanta who left nothing undone to see that the visitors were royally entertained. And royally entertained they were.

The Atlanta Local Committee abundantly deserves all the praise it has received for its splendid work. The new administration of the association desires to extend its sincere thanks to the committee for the good work it did.

During the Atlanta convention as Secretary-Treasurer of the association, I received valuable assistance from several members; namely, Mrs. C. L. Jackson of Atlanta, Mrs. J. H. McFarlane of Alabama, Miss Ethelburga Zell of Ohio, who assisted in the receipt of dues and fees; Mrs. W. E. Gholdston and Mrs. J. G. Bishop of Atlanta, and Mr. Fred Hart of

Savannah, who assisted in registering delegates; Mr. C. D. Seaton of West Virginia, Mr. A. L. Pach of New York, Mrs. Byron Boyd of Tennessee, and Mr. M. L. Kenner of New York, who assisted with the railroad certificates. In the certificate matter, Mr. Pach and the Atlanta representative of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad were of very great help, and thanks are largely due to them that the delegates were enabled to get half fare returning. To all of the above named friends, I wish to convey my grateful thanks and appreciation.

ARTHUR L. ROBERTS,  
*President.*

## An Open Letter

St. Louis, Aug. 21, 1923.

To the Members of the Local Committee  
of the Atlanta Convention of the N. A. D.  
My Dear Friends:

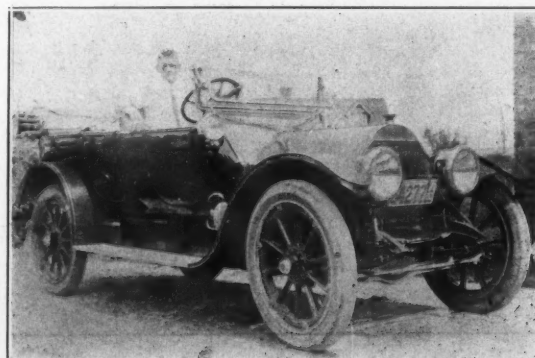
Please accept my hearty congratulations upon the brilliant success which has attended your efforts in behalf of the N. A. D. Each and every one of you rendered highly efficient service and I thank you one and all.

While the attendance record at Atlanta did not equal that at Detroit the Atlanta Convention takes first place for its uniformly high grade business program and for originality, variety, and splendor on the social side.

The deplorable tragedy at East Lake will, of course, leave a lasting impress of sadness upon the hearts and minds of all who were present, but it will not detract from the credit due you for your splendid work.

Our official relations have been most pleasant and I take leave of you with sincere personal regret, thankful for having known you and grateful for the kindly and efficient help you have given me.

Faithfully and sincerely yours,  
JAMES H. CLOUD.



J. L. Rendall, Jr., formerly of Des Moines, Iowa, where he drove this Cadillac for a number of years with never a mishap



## The Writer's Work-shop

(Note: I will be glad to answer personally any letter from the deaf who wish to know the names and where to obtain books and magazines on any type of writing they desire. I will be glad, also, to answer questions relating to fiction, article, technical, and photoplay writing. Please send stamp for reply. Mrs. G. Deliglio, 291 San Rafael St., Portland, Oregon.)

Conducted by Guie Leo Deliglio

### Some Rules For Fiction Writers

(Note: The aim of this department is to assist and encourage the deaf who wish to write interesting and instructive fiction and articles for the deaf publications. Therefore in this article I give only the rules governing the writing of fiction for magazines for the deaf.)

#### 1. Some Do's for Writers:

Do make your characters human.

Do make your stories interesting. This can be done with a novel plot, human characters, emotional appeal, and natural dialogue.

Do remember to make your deaf characters act and "talk" naturally. In a few instances allowance can be made for long and unnatural speeches, but to do this too often excites condemnation and criticism from your readers.

Do write about the things you know. Otherwise the story will sound forced and artificial.

Do consider the requirements of the magazine to which you submit your story. Magazines for the deaf usually prefer stories dealing with deaf characters, either in whole or in part.

Do try new situations when writing a story.

Do try and submit all manuscripts typewritten, or in very clear pen script.

Do remember to write only on one side of the paper.

#### 2. Some Don'ts for writers:

Don't think because you have never traveled that you cannot write interesting stories. Plots are usually found among your neighbors, or from your every-day environments.

Don't write about any thing that could not happen to human beings. Keep your story in the range of probability.

Do not forget that the deaf like stories with deaf characters in the leading roles. Keep your hearing characters in the background when writing stories for deaf publications.

Do not forget that what counts most in stories is the heart interest and appeal made by your characters. But this does not mean they should be goody-goody. Even the deaf have their faults.

Don't think that because the magazine you write for is a small one it will accept any kind of a story or article. Magazines of limited size usually fill their pages the best material obtainable. Whatever you write MUST be interesting, and should be either entertaining or instructive, both if possible.

Don't write a Christmas story and send it in a few days before Christmas. Stories and articles dealing with a specific time should be sent in at least three months before the date of publication. Thus a Christmas story should be sent in the first of October, a story you want to appear in March, should be sent in December, and so on. One reason stories are so often rejected is that the writer does not send the story in soon enough to appear in the appropriate issue.

Don't be discouraged if you find writing hard at first. An apprenticeship must be served before a person can become proficient in any trade, and this rule also applies to the writing of fiction.

#### 3. General Rules.

When writing stories with deaf characters it would be best not to use the word "said" in convention. "Signed" is usually used in place of "said" as a synonym. The action of the character proves a good substitute for how a word is "spoken." It is also possible for one deaf person to have "told" something to another. They can "argue" and "discuss" their problems, and "ask" questions. There are, if used very carefully, several verbs of speech that can be used to denote how the conversation was signed. Past participles can be used reflectively: as,

"You were right," he	(upheld	her, etc., etc.
	(thanked	
	(silenced	
	(told	
	(supported	

As it is usually hard to find just what word to use at a moment's notice it is advisable to make a list of suitable words and the ways they can be used. A note book with this list kept handy when writing out a story with deaf characters will prove valuable as a time saver.

Some writers may think there is nothing worth while to say about the deaf in fiction. This is not true. While some limitations must be placed upon stories written about the deaf, there are problems of the deaf that will make good story material. Themes of sacrifice, hope, trust, humility, redemption, and love can be used with deaf characters with even a greater appeal than were the characters able to hear.

While the subject of fiction writing is dealt with in a very general way in these articles, due mostly to the small amount of fiction that appears in magazines for the deaf, the writing of articles will be discussed more fully. Next month I will tell how short articles of information should be written for the magazines.

GUIE LEO DELIGLIO.

Elizabeth and Amelia were chatting about a young man whom they both knew.

"I can't make anything of young Ralston, he's so stupid," said Elizabeth.

"Why, I don't think so," said Amelia. "He has a lot in him when you know him."

"Has he?" rejoined Elizabeth. "Well, then, I am sure it's a vacant lot."

Mr. Jenks was visiting in the country, and near by lived a centenarian. One morning Mr. Jenks strolled over for a chat with the old man.

"To what do you attribute your longevity?" inquired the young man.

"To the fact," replied the old man, conclusively, "that I never died."

## Tilden, Famed Sculptor, Back at Art Again

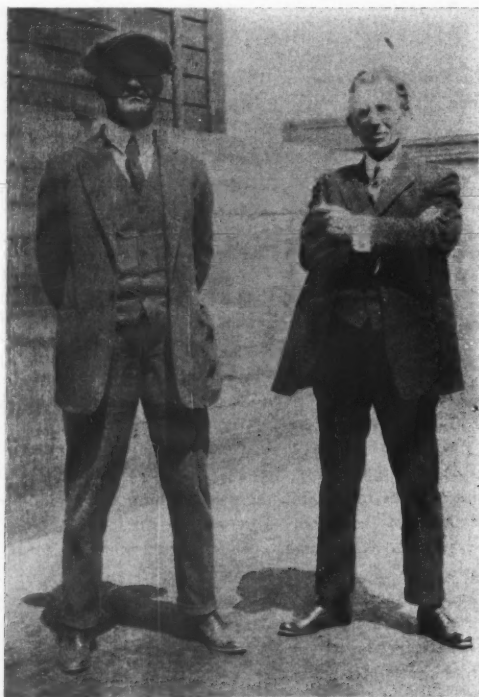
Douglas Tilden has returned to art.

California's famous sculptor whom a war-mad world drove to machine shop for existence, from his mechanic's wage has saved the fund to re-establish a small studio.

There with the early conceptions of "The Tired Boxer," "The Baseball Player" and the "Mechanics Group" gathered about him, he is making his last stand for California art.

### STILL MECHANIC

This time he will keep a foothold on realities by continuing his work as an automobile part grinder. When he has punched the clock each night at the Johnson Gear Company plant in the east bay manufacturing district he has a walk of but a few blocks to the studio site he has purchased on Channing way.



Two veteran war horses retired to the pasture—"Dummy" Taylor and Douglas Tilden

There in an unpainted shed he already is at work on "Valor Rescuing San Francisco," a heroic group symbolic of the rise of the city from the disaster of the 1906 fire. It is planned as a memorial to Raphael Weill.

### STARTLES CIRCLES

Tilden, who indignantly refused less than \$10,000 for "The Bear Hunt" and ruthlessly ordered it sold as junk for the value of the metal, is not ashamed of his menial toil. "I will not commercialize and debase my art," he said, "I do not mind at all working in metal," he declared yesterday.

It was in 1920 he startled the art world by taking up a dinner pail and going to a factory lathe.

As the actual "Rabot," Bernard Shaw proclaims to be the producer of purest ideas, Tilden hopes to accomplish yet his greatest work.

"Labor Omina Vincit" is the inscription on his Mechanics group on Market street. Yesterday he smiled whimsically at the fitness of the quotation to the practical solution of his own difficulties.

"The Tired Boxer" (somebody knocked his block off, literally, during the penniless days of the sculptor) as he first was modeled, and other priceless works are sheltered in the small shed where Tilden has resumed his work.

Among them unerringly move the once artistic hands, now machine shop marked and bruised. A blackened thumbnail stands out in contrast against the white clay as he works.

### GREAT CONVENIENCE

"I never used a smock—always worked in overalls," he said yesterday. "I find it a great convenience now. No change to make. This isn't much of a studio, yet, but it is as good as my first studio.

"That was in Berkeley, too, back in 1883, probably the first one opened in Berkeley. It was in the abandoned laundry building of the Berkeley State School for the Deaf. A few of my first attempts at modeling are still at the school."

Curiously enough, just at this time when he has turned his high wages, secured through the trio of art wrecking causes, to re-entering the field of sculpture his "Tired Boxer," owned by the Olympic Club and destroyed by the fire of 1906, has come to aid him.

### BECOMES INTERESTED

R. Tait McKenzie, faculty member of the University of Chicago, became interested to find out what had become of the creator of this piece. He had seen a plaster cast of it at the Art Institute in Chicago. Hunting up Tilden at his home in Oakland, he has interested California art lovers in securing permission from the Chicago institution for a recast of the statue to be made and a movement for this purpose is now contemplated.—*San Francisco Chronicle*, August 13, 1923.

If it is not seemly, do it not;

If it is not true, speak it not.

—*Marcus Aurelius*.



MRS. GEORGE TAYLOR

(Adelia Perry)

Class of 1866 Delavan (Wis.) School. Mrs. Taylor makes her home with her daughter, Mrs. Frances P. Gibson, of Chicago

L. PACH PHOTO.

## PARAGRAPHS

By JAMES F. BRADY



MEETINGS, friend readers: Here's hoping every one can report a very enjoyable and profitable vacation whether of a week's duration or three months'.

For those of us who could not afford to relax from work for more than a couple of days there were picnics, excursions, auto rides and conventions. Half a loaf was better than none and we took advantage of the opportunities to mingle with the crowd and have a good time.

Vacations are necessary. They drive out the cobwebs from our brains and afford our bodies—or our nerves—a change from our routine monotonousness.

New friends are made and ideas acquired.

A good many times marriages result.

Misunderstandings and biased judgments of others, consequences of our artificial hurrying daily life, disappear.

We see the better side of people's nature and many a rough diamond is discovered.

We may be suffering from some trouble and we are mad that the gods have picked on us for their especial game. Is any one suffering more than we? The world is gloomy and we have no chances and opportunities. Life is not worth living, so why keep on existing? Jeremiah in his lamentations and Job cursing his "comforts" were right. Their expressions fit our case.

Then we meet with some one who tells us all about his trials and tribulations and how he overcame them. Then another and another. Did Hercules have a bigger task cleaning up the Augean stables? Or Sisymbus a more disheartening experience rolling up the stone in Avernus, only to have it roll down when he neared the top? Was any one more sorely pressed than they?

No. They swore that their misfortunes were peculiar to them and they got rid of them and they proceed to tell you how they did it.

We take stock of ourselves and find that we are not the only ones to have *this* and *that* obstacle to overcome. If others have won out, surely we can do the same. We are heartened and confidence in ourselves return.

Silver lining appears in the clouds. The grass is unbelievably green, the sky so blue, the flowers never so beautiful and everybody so good. Oh, sing the song of life; we are exultant.

Great is human nature.

And vacation time is a great time to find it out.

It is known that in proportion to their means the deaf people are big-hearted and generous. They respond to appeals of all sorts in their little world and in the "outer" world.

There are not many who are in business for themselves nor have they independent incomes, yet—

Take the Pennsylvania people as an instance.

They have established a Home for aged and infirm deaf. The property is worth \$21,000. The endowment fund totals over \$20,000. The maintenance fund at last report was nearly \$7,000. The Home was established in 1902 and if one will make the average \$2,000 a year since then he will find that the people have contributed a small fortune.

They are now after \$10,000 for additions to the building and \$50,000 for the maintenance fund. The figures look big but the Pennsylvania deaf have never known to fail. The sums desired may not come soon but they *will* be in hand all right.

What is the reason?

Co-operation, good team work, big-hearted people who dedicate their time to the management of the affairs. Those

people do not advertise themselves or their work. Quietly but efficiently they go about their business and they get results.

The deaf people give their "mites." Dollar added to dollar and grudgingly saved and invested with the result that we now witness. Those hearing people who have helped should not be forgotten.

It is a proud fact among the deaf that they do not ask for charity but who can help himself if he is deaf and blind? Or worse still, deaf, dumb, blind and infirm? The combination is awful in its significance—the *ne plus ultra* of handicaps.

Five of the inmates are trebly bereft yet they are as cheerful as anyone with all senses. God bless and comfort them.

The Home is beautiful architecturally and inside one will find quiet, restfulness and cleanliness. The inmates are well-taken care of by the motherly matron. It is hard to find a good matron but the Home has one.

How would you like to have a \$10,000 insurance policy costing about \$35 a year at 35 years of age? \$5,000 to be paid at death from natural causes, double the sum for death by accident and \$50 a month for life if totally disabled.

It does not look reasonable for any company to issue such a policy but there is one in Philadelphia that has it and in response to an advertisement I wrote the people. They sent over an agent and when he discovered I was a deaf-mute he was all apologies and showed me a clause which barred us entirely but admitted those who could hear with one ear and they had to pay a bit higher.

I did not swoon, rave, curse, look for some lethal weapon wherewith to end my life.

No, I just gave the agent one of my famous smiles and winked my right eye, telling him I expected such an outcome. He seemed to be in no hurry to go and I brought down past copies of the *Frat*, the official monthly of the N. F. S. D. and he studied the figures with interest. He evidently was impressed and asked for a copy of the latest issue to show the president of his company. I let him have it. A few days later he notified me that the company would not make any exceptions.

We deaf people have a long way to go before we can destroy the age-old idea that we are a class apart on account of the loss of one sense. The N. F. S. D. is the best refutation. There are figures to prove it and figures do not lie when they have been examined by an unbiased insurance examiner of the State of Illinois, and sworn to under oath. Perjury in such a case means confinement in a penitentiary.

Talking about insurance reminds me of many incidents that happened in my capacity as a coxer to join the N. F. S. D.

Went to see a young fellow who referred me to his mother. He was over twenty-one and still tied to mamma's apron strings. Mamma was of the kind that is described as a dowager. She had class all over her. When she gave me a searching look and asked me what my father's business was, where I lived, what I was doing, if I was a friend of Mr. So and So, I knew my mission was a failure.

What she wanted was for her darling boy to associate with "high-class" people and I and my associates in the Society did not come up to the mark. Poor thing, she did not realize that her boy was in no class with most of the boys mentally and mixing with them would make a man of him. Also when she departed this life who would idolize her pet?

Insurance and fellowship did not interest her. He must not be tainted and he is not at this writing.

Another time I accosted a prospect. He asked me if he would get insurance money as soon as he died. I replied that he would not, but that his beneficiaries would. He could not see any sense.



in paying good money and never getting anything back. By the way he was a German and it struck me as unusual for a Teuton to throw an Irish bull—a Hibernianism.

Another one declared he would not be a fool to leave his wife with money and have some one else marry her and enjoy life at his expense. Hah, hah, hah! Too funny for anything indeed.

Some people have their own brand of psychology and humor especially when their most sensitive nerve is touched—their pocketbook.

In this broad land there are many deaf-mutes (to distinguish from deafened) who have bright intellects and the ability to write books that rank as good sellers.

Unless I am wrong, there has never been one and none is known.

Why is it so?

I put the question to a lady who is known among the American deaf. She suggested that the reason, insofar as novels were concerned, was because the deaf-mute was incapable of putting down dialogue as obtained in every day speech and novels contained nothing else.

Was she right?

How about books on humor, travel, science, psychology, essays?

Talent is necessary and I have come across some with that gift. Is it lack of training, patience and perseverance, or too much modesty?

Mrs. Deliglio in her "The Writer's Workshop" offers to show one how to become successful at the writing game. Criticism should be withheld till she has had her say. She may be the inspiration of some one and I hope to have the opportunity to find an article by her in one of the several magazine that I read—and maybe a book.

To pursue the subject further, why not a Correspondence Course in writing?

Suggest the following as the Faculty:

Mrs. Deliglio .....	Technique
Mr. Veditz .....	Language
Mr. "Lone Wolf" .....	Literature
Mr. Gibson .....	Business Course
Mr. Roberts .....	Accounting

If it is agreeable to you I will name myself the Treasurer and Cashier. There is none who can exceed me as an authority on deciphering the hieroglyphics on dollar bills.

Taken all in all won't the Correspondence School be great?

## Surprising Revelations

Yellowstone Park has become a paradise for deaf autoists. They find the scenery charming and more come every year. It is also a Mecca for persons posing as deaf-mutes and swindling unwary travelers. Mr. Carl Spencer who has spent twenty years in this locality has been trying to bring the wrong-doers to justice, but finds it almost impossible to round them up. However, he is making it too hot for them to continue their operations and they are eventually leaving the locality or trying to make an honest living.

An old man, carrying an ear horn, sat near the announcer on a sightseeing bus in Chicago. As they went under the elevated tracks, the old man pointed upward and asked, "Whats' this bridge, mister?"

"That's the 'L,'" the announcer replied.

The old man placed the horn to his ear and inquired, "The 'L,' you say?"

"Ladies present," warned his informant. "No profanity, please."—Mystic Worker:

## SMILES ON US

The Chicago Tribune commits this one:—

George was trying to be funny and going through the motions of an alleged sign language until his best girl grew impatient and said: "What are you doing?"

"Telling you a funny story."

"Why don't you tell it?"

"It's too funny for words."

They were giving a dinner party and the coachman had come in to help wait at table. Several guests had suffered from his lack of experience, and in serving peas he approached a very deaf old lady and inquired:

"Peas, mum?"

No answer.

"Peas, mum?" (Louder.)

The old lady saw that some one was speaking to her, and lifted her ear trumpet to the questioner. The coachman, seeing the large end of the trumpet directed toward him, thought:

"It must be a new way of takin' 'em, but I s'pose she likes 'em that way."

And down the trumpet went the peas.—Chicago Daily News.

Johnny came back from the circus very much excited. "Oh, mamma," he cried, as soon as he got in the house. "Kate spilled some peanuts, and what do you think the elephant did? He picked 'em all up with his vacuum cleaner."

## Company of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Des Rocher,

10934 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., July 22, 1923



Photo by W. S. Thirsk  
Standing—left to right: Mrs. Gus Johnson, Mrs. Max Hauser, Mrs. John Krejci, Miss Lola Selester, Mrs. W. S. Thirsk and Mrs. Edward Des Rocher. Sitting—left to right: Mr. Gus Johnson, Mr. Max Hauser, Mr. John Krejci, Mr. William Wanner, and Mr. Edward Des Rocher



Photo by W. S. Thirsk  
Standing—(left) ladies: Mrs. W. S. Thirsk, Mrs. Edward Des Rocher, Miss Lola Selester, Mrs. Max Hauser, Mrs. Gus Johnson and Mrs. J. Krejci. Standing—(right) men: Mr. Max Hauser, Mr. Gus Johnson, Mr. W. S. Thirsk, Mr. Edward Des Rocher, and Mr. J. Krejci

## A Rustic Mission Concert or A Concert In Paradise Alley



HE Reverend Septimus Appletree of Melton Rectory was the Vicar of a small rambling Parish not far from a well known North Country Seaside Resort. He was small in stature small in mind and a very pompous fussy little man, who felt that as the Vicar of Melton he was a very important person indeed and expected all his parishioners to pay him the homage and respect that he considered was due to him. His parish consisted of the Mother church and two Mission churches, one of which was away in the country amongst the farmers, and the other situated in a very poor district where the people gained a precarious kind of living; doing well in the summer months owing to the overflow of visitors in the town and almost starving in the winter.

To help the missions the vicar employed a very worthy man who had a large family. The remuneration for his assistance was thirty pounds a year upon which to support himself and family. This the vicar thought ample considering he himself only received £500 a year excluding a rectory and grounds. The missionary had to work very hard to keep the two places going as at both missions there were Sunday services and Sunday schools to attend to. The busiest time was the winter as then the people had more time to attend to their pleasures and religious duties. Sometimes if the missionary did not preach to their liking they would after service walk into the Vestry and say, "I didna like thee sermon tonight it were preached agin me." "My good man," the missionary would reply, "you never entered my head but if the cap fits 'wear it,' then the man would come out fuming with rage for the people had an idea that if they helped the missionary they should dictate to him the manner of his preaching. This the missionary as a man of education and refinement of course refused to allow.

On Monday nights the penny concerts were held at one of the Mission Halls. These gave great joy to the congregation especially to the younger end for the missionary. Mr. Simons believed in getting hold of the younger men of the parish and used the concert platform for announcements as to when and where the next football match was to be played. This crowded the room for the North country boys are mad on football. They, although fond of the good things of the table, would much rather miss a meal than a football match, and with them this game is placed above any other attraction. All the local talent responded on masses for the concerts and the items usually consisted of songs, recitations and sketches. Sometimes a great deal of unintentional humor crept into these affairs as witness the account of the following: the first item was announced; Mr. Jones will now sing a song entitled "Father's Corporation," then Mr. Jones duly appeared dressed as a fat boy in an Eton suit and carried in his hand a huge piece of bread. The vicar's and his wife who always made it a custom to attend these concerts were shocked, but of course this was the style of the liking of the assembled boys and he was accorded a hearty encore.

Thus encouraged he sang a song that revolved round "Jumpers of Various Kinds," increasing the horror of the vicar's wife who got in a fluster and said to her husband, "Really, Septimus, you must not allow such songs, it is too terrible; tell Mr. Simons to tell the man we cannot allow it." Of course the song brought down the house which was simply convulsed with laughter, and when Mr. Simons conveyed the vicar's message he received as a reply, "I don't see no 'arm in 'em and the boys just love 'em, so his reverence be blowed."

The next item was a Sketch delivered in the Lancashire dialect by some of the mission boys and girls. It was called "Four After One"—meaning four boys after one girl bearing the name of Sally.

The mother of the girl objected to her daughter's leaning

towards the cult of Utah, or, as she expressed it, "She'd see no four boys were to come after her daughter. No, not if she knowed it." It was a screamingly funny sketch and very well played save for the fact that some of the players forgot their parts. The missionary who was coaching them was hiding behind the piano on the platform when suddenly to the consternation of the actors all that was visible were his feet sticking up behind the piano. In some unexplainable manner he had slipped so, of course, they had to rush to his aid to the wonder of the audience who when they understood all enjoyed the unrehearsed act very much, even the vicar and his wife participating in the general laughter.

The next item was a song by a man who thought he had a good voice. He stood with song in hand and sang verse after verse. The song was called "Under the Bamboo Tree," which ran like this—"I likee you and you likee me under the bamboo tree." His voice was just above a whisper and his face was glued to his song-paper. The poor missionary kept saying under his breath, "Man sing up, no one can hear you." Despite this prompting the man sang on unconscious of the stir he was making and his very expression was such that even the Reverend Septimus and his wife were together with the audience convulsed with merriment. When at last the song was finished the people were laughing so much that they forgot to clap and the singer was overwhelmed with joy at the thought of the pleasure his wonderful voice had given them. It reminded one of Robert Burns "O wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursels as ithers see us." The following item was another song by Mr. Jones and was called, "Cleaning Windows." This time he was dressed in a little kilt and carried a bucket on his arm. He had just completed one verse when our reverend friend rose with a dignified air and said in a voice laden with pomposity, "I cannot allow you to sing it, it is not for the ears of young people." Mr. Jones was not, however, daunted by either air or tone and replied, "What's wrong wid song, I like to know what you mean by getting me up here and insulting a man after asking 'im to sing." All the boys at the back chuckling with glee as the vicar had not a warm place in their hearts and one boy at the back chimed in with, "What's wrong wid song?" Who is that speaking, demanded the vicar—"Its me Paddy Micauber." "I am surprised at you," expostulated the Reverend Septimus and once again "Mr. Jones I forbid you to sing on the platform of this hall again."

This greatly disgusted the boys in the audience all of them felt like giving his reverence a good hiding. The situation was saved however by the strains of "God save the King" and thus ended the nights entertainment. Of all the screamingly funny concerts this was the funniest.

## Deaf Men at the Wheel

Prejudice against admitting the deaf to the ranks of chauffeurs yields slowly, and yet any reasonable person must admit that they would not imperil safety on the road to any greater extent than many others who hold licenses. Arthur Brisbane in the New York Journal presents the case for the deaf with characteristic directness and force. Among other things he says: "Automobiles are run at least 99 per cent. by sight, not by hearing." Take the big truck drivers, too; they hear nothing but the noise of their own engines.

A letter is also printed, which makes a fetching appeal for the 8,000 deaf persons in this country who are denied so much pleasure otherwise by absence of hearing. The deaf all use mirrors where licensed to drive, and have "a very acute and highly developed sixth sense," which often substitutes for hearing.

Sheer justice dictates that the record for accidents among the deaf in States which grant them licenses ought to be impartially studied by the New Jersey Motor Vehicle Department.—Trenton Evening Times.

## The Year That Made Deaf History In England

The year that has just closed has been an extremely eventful one, for not only has it seen the closing door of St. Saviour's and probably also the National Deaf Bureau. But it has also seen the Manchester Deaf School, one of the biggest and best equipped schools in Europe, celebrate its "Century" of useful and beneficent work.

We had the great good fortune to be present at the Anniversary Celebrations on June 29th. The Guild of St. John of Beverley has also gone forward very much. A splendid new chairman of Committee has been elected for the Committee, and the supervision of Overseas Deaf work has been thoroughly re-organised by an important sub-committee appointed on the suggestion of the writer of these notes, by the church council for Missioners of the Deaf, at its meeting at Birmingham on May 31st.

The Oxford Street headquarters of the London Adult Deaf work has been transferred a few doors down the street, and are now on the second floor of a tea shop. The club has been moved to Notting Hill, West London. And the church now allotted to the Deaf, is All Saints, Norfolk Street, a very lovely building of red brick, close to the Paddington G. W. R. depot.

All this upheaval affected the Literary work of the Guild of St. John of Beverley, who seized the opportunity to form a Library, which has been established in Earls Court. There being nearly 1000 volumes, some of them quite unique. The writer has visited the Manchester and Groninge-Holland Deaf libraries, to get the most up-to-date knowledge and compare notes as to the kind of books to be found, and to note what specially to collect; for these visits reveal the great need of a reference library of Deaf magazines, reports, etc., of adult work as well as school work. This seems to be the weak point of the other great deaf libraries.

As has been noted on other occasions, a Photographic Deaf Library (all under Deaf control) of picture postcards, lantern slides, Blocks for printing, etc., are run concurrently and kept up-to-date. At a recent lecture in Holland, the writer was able to show view of twenty-one different countries and deaf work exclusive of his own, and these were necessarily but a very small collection of his 3000 views that are available.

He has to thank the Silent Worker magazine for sending several bound back volumes, and unbound copies, and also Dutch and Swiss deaf workers for their help to the Guild in this direction. Several leading deaf workers, including Miss Timberlake of the Volta Bureau, Mr. Stevens of the Summer Deaf School, New Zealand. Workers from Paris as well as English Deaf Missions and others have visited the work at 75 Victoria Road. Nor must we forget to record visits from His Majesty the King of Swazil and South Africa, and a Spanish Duchess, both of whom expressed great interest in what they saw, as also did M. R. Sobrabji, of India, and the Lord Bishop, of Melensia, also Dr. Steven from Sumre, New Zealand, and Miss Austin from Los Angeles California.

The British Deaf and Dumb Association held a most important and successful Congress in September at Birmingham, and many leading English and also French Deaf experts were present at it. English work was also well represented at the recent Belleville Conference Teachers of the Deaf.

Two exceedingly interesting exhibitions have been held in connection with the Imperial Educational conference in London: the first by the Educational Department of the Government and the second by the London County Council

at both of these deaf work was well represented. Adult work for the deaf has also been successfully inaugurated in Cape Town, South Africa, by the Rev. A. W. Blaxall, who lately worked as assistant Deaf chaplain to the Rev. F. W. G. Gilby in Birmingham. His work has already been brought to the favorable notice of the South African Government.

The oldest English Deaf Pension Society has now been amalgamated with the British Deaf and Dumb Association and will be further re-organised and much extended in its scope of usefulness.

Japan has lost a very promising deaf worker in the death of M. Shiro Kurita, the first deaf worker from Japan to visit these islands.

We also deplore with the New World the severe loss by death of Dr. Graham Bell the inventor of the telephone, also that of Miss Susannah Hull, whose work for the deaf education is not easily summed up in words.

The want of the new Advisory Council continues to go quickly and satisfactorily forward, and in spite of much economy talk, as a whole the outlook for Deaf work in our Islands, and their colonies, would to our mind never seem to be more encouraging than at the present time, and therefore we can close these notes with a fervent "Laus Deo" for great mercies gained, for we are convinced, that these mercies which look like being very far-reaching in their effects, far outweigh the one serious loss sustained in the pulling down of St. Savior's Church.

No man is too big to be courteous, but many men are too little.—Bindery Talk.

Leaders are ordinary persons with extraordinary determination.—Hurty-Peck Idea.

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A. L. PACH PHOTO.



## A Brief History of the Hawaii School at Honolulu



IN 1914 Miss Gertrude came to Honolulu to teach vocational work to a class of children composed of three mental defectives, two deaf and two blind. School was first held in the old Chinese Hospital Building, back of the Kaiulani School, where was taught among other things bead work, basketry, hammock making and chair caning. It was in this manner that the Territorial School for Defectives came into existence.

At the end of three years the school enrollment had grown to fourteen. Two teachers were added the fourth year, one to take charge of the department for the mentally defective, and the other the department for the deaf. Miss Mason, then the Principal of the school, took charge of the department for the blind.

School opened in September, 1917, with twelve mentally defective children, seven deaf and seven blind. In 1918 the deaf children had increased to fourteen, making necessary the addition of another teacher to this department. School was held in temporary, unsuitable quarters until two years ago, when the institution was moved to its present site at Waikiki, the Cecil Brown estate.

Even here the housing facilities, made available by the purchase of the new property, were inadequate. A neat two-room bungalow was built for the use of the deaf children, while the blind and mentally defective children held their classes in the old building which had formerly been used as a residence.

Up to this time mentally defective children had been taken into the school along with the deaf and the blind. It soon became apparent, to those interested in the school, that this policy was wrong, and not in accord with proven and established practice in other parts of the United States. Consequently, with the opening of the Territorial Home for the Feeble Minded, at Aiea, some of the mentally defective children were sent there. Furthermore, with the opening of school in September of this year, no mentally defective children were accepted here; so that the school has finally become exclusively the Territorial School for the Deaf and Blind.

### COURSES OF INSTRUCTION OFFERED

The blind children are first taught to read and write the American Braille. When they become skilled in this they are given other subjects, which approximate, as nearly as possible, the course of study in the Public Schools. In addition to the foregoing, they are taught hand work, which includes among other things, basketry, chair caning, hammock making, brush making and the making of hula skirts to sell to tourists.

That this work is entirely practical has been proven in at least one instance. A blind man who attended school last year, and is in attendance again this year, has made enough money from the manufacture and sale of hula skirts and brushes, to substantially assist in supporting his wife and family.

There will be an opportunity this year for the blind children, who are musically inclined, to take lessons on the piano.

In the department for the deaf the children are taught speech and lip-reading. Considerable time is devoted to the study of language and the building of a working vocabulary. This year the work is planned to include some training in rhythm.

At present the work in the department for the deaf is entirely of a primary and intermediate nature. But when the students are advanced, and are enjoying the privileges of living at the school throughout the school year, certain trades will be taught. These will include such practical lines as carpentry and printing, for the boys, and domestic science, sewing, etc., for the girls.

Deaf men have often become skillful linotype operators, as well as acquiring a high degree of dexterity in other trades.

At the present time the children are mostly from Honolulu, on account of the fact that the school is strictly a day school.

This is only a beginning in the direction of meeting the needs

of the whole territory included in the Hawaiian Islands. Through the co-operation of the welfare organizations on the various islands, a list of about one hundred deaf children and fifty has been obtained. These children are entitled to an education. But the only way that most of them can obtain one is through the agency of a Boarding School. It was with this idea in mind that a special appropriation was asked for at the last session of the Territorial Legislature.

### BUILDING PLANS FOR THE NEXT BIENNIIUM

At the last session of the Legislature, in February, 1921, an appropriation of \$125,000 was granted for 1922-1923, the money to be used in the following manner: \$30,000 for dormitories; \$2,500 for a laundry; \$2,500 for servants' quarters, and \$90,000 for maintenance, salaries and repairs. As this amount is less than that requested, frame buildings will have to be erected instead of more substantial structures. The grounds cover an area of a little more than five acres. The site, situated so near the beach of Waikiki, in full sight of Diamond Head, and with its abundant growth of old trees, will make a very beautiful setting for the institution.

Plans are now being drawn for dormitories and other necessary buildings. It is planned by the Department of Education, that, when the appropriation becomes available in January, 1922, building operations will start immediately.

The Territorial School for the Deaf and Blind is a free school for all the deaf and blind children in the Territory of Hawaii.



THOMAS S. GILLEN  
Graduate of Westchester (New York) School and leader  
in Knight and Ladies of De l'Epee activities

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# Who's Who in the Deaf World

*Names will be printed alphabetically as they come from month to month and when completed the list will be turned over to a National Committee who will recommend such persons as deserve of a place in the WHO'S WHO book which we are planning to publish in the near future. We hope those who have failed to furnish us with data about themselves will not delay any longer than can be helped. If your name is omitted it will not be our fault. We wish to be informed of any error discovered in the list in this magazine so that we can make the corrections for the book.*

**MARKS, MARCUS H.** Born July 30, 1887. Lithographer (commercial) with Paul Siewers & McFay, New York City. Good lip-reader; fine speaker; good sign-maker. Graduated from Institution for the Improved Instruction of the Deaf, 67th St., and Lexington Ave. Married October 18th, 1911, to Miss Stella Hirsch, who lost her hearing at nine years, but completed her education in the Public Schools. Mrs. Marks is an accomplished lip-reader and fine speaker.

**PORTER, GEORGE SIDNEY.** Born Oct. 15, 1862, at Liberty, N. Y. Instructor in Printing and Engraving, New Jersey School for the Deaf. Fair speaker, lip-reader and sign-maker. Attended New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf (Fanwood), 1872-1884 (valedictorian.) Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, National Association of the Deaf, New Jersey Branch N. A. D., Trenton Branch N. A. D., Gallaudet Club (Philadelphia), American Instructors of the Deaf, American Geographical Society, Fanwood Alumni Association. Lost hearing at nine from brain fever (total.) No deaf relatives. Married, June 29, 1892, to Frances C. Hawkins (deaf.) Has one hearing child; one grandchild. Wife is grade teacher in the New Jersey School for the Deaf. Assistant teacher in printing at Fanwood, 1884-1889; Instructor in printing Arkansas School for the Deaf, Little Rock, Sept. 1889-Dec. 1891; instructor in printing, New Jersey School, Jan. 1892 to date. President New Jersey Branch N. A. D., one term; president Trenton Branch N. A. D., two terms. Developed "The Silent Worker" into a national magazine for the Deaf; started and developed photo-engraving and photography in conjunction with the printing department of the New Jersey School; second teacher of printing in the country to teach linotyping.

**QUINNIN, JOHN.** Born Dec. 2, 1886, at New Orleans, La. Pressman at Stoll Printing Works. Home address: 1536 Magazine St., New Orleans. Cannot speak or lip-read; excellent sign-maker. Attended Chinchuba School for the Deaf, 1892-1899; Louisiana School for the Deaf, Baton Rouge, La., 1899-1905. Member N. F. S. D.; Pressmen's Union No. 26. Lost hearing at five years from scarlet fever (total.) No deaf relatives. Been pressman ever since left school.

**RIVES, B.A., ROBERT MERRIWETHER.** Born Dec. 12, 1867, at Baltimore, Md. Teacher, Maryland School for the Deaf. Poor speaker and lip-reader; excellent sign-maker. Attended Texas School for the Deaf, 1879-1887; Kendall School, Washington, D. C., 1887-1888; Gallaudet College, 1888-1893. Member H. O. S. S., W. O. W., N. F. S. D., Pastime Club, A. B. C., Lone Star Association of the Deaf. Lost hearing at 18 months from cholera infantum (partial). Has one deaf brother. Married, 1893, to M. E. Lacy (hearing). Has two hearing children. Wife is hard of hearing; attended public school; excellent lip-reader. Teacher since 1893. Was President of the Lone Star Association of the Deaf, 1919-1921.

**ROMOSER, HARRY EMERSON.** Born Dec. 21, 1883, at Galion, Ohio. Contracting Painter. Business and address: 1057 Linwood Ave., Galion, Ohio. Cannot speak or lip-read; signs. Attended Ohio School for the Deaf, 1891-1903. Member N. F. S. D., Advance Society, N. A. D., and Ohio Deaf-Mute Association. Does not know when or how lost hearing (total). Has one deaf cousin. Married June 18, 1907, to Alice M. Donnelly (hearing). Has two hearing children.

**ROYSTON, MATTIE.** Born at Washington, Ark. Literary teacher, at Arkansas School for the Deaf, Little Rock. Home address: Washington, Ark. Attended Public Schools and Normal School. Member N. A. D. and Arkansas School for the Deaf. Became deaf from accident after grown up. No deaf relatives. Has taught in rural, Public, Blind and deaf School. Is a splendid teacher and expert lip-reader.

**STEWART, GEORGE LAISTER.** Born Oct. 7, 1865, at Oneida, N. Y. Farmer. Home address: Oneida, N. Y., R. F. D. No. 2. Cannot speak or lip-read; signs. Attended Central New York School for the Deaf at Rome, 1887-1888. Member Rome Alumni Association and National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Totally deaf; does not mention age lost hearing or cause. Has two deaf relatives. Married, Oct. 7, 1896, to Esther J. Rorbock (deaf.) Has six hearing children; one dead. Wife is a semi-mute. Is President of Rome Alumni Association.

**STEINHAUS, OLIVER OTTO.** Born Aug. 6, 1893, at Concordia, Kan. Printer—linotype operator and mechanic, with "Herald," Bolivar, Mo. Home address: Pacific, Mo. Fair speaker and lip-reader; excellent sign-maker. Attended Missouri School for the Deaf, at Fulton, Oct., 1902-1914. Lost hearing at two from fever (total.) No deaf relatives. Worked for the "Gazette," Indianapolis, Ind., 1914; assistant teacher of printing at Fulton, 1914-15; "Eagle," Buncheon, Mo., 1915; "Weaubleam Leader," Weaubleam, Mo., 1916; "Bolivar Herald" since 1916. Well spoken of by present employer.

**STOEHR, HERBERT HENRY.** Born April 8, 1866, at Wheeling, W. Va. Men of Leisure. Home address: 118 N. Front St. Poor speaker and lip-reader; excellent sign-maker. Attended West Virginia Schools for the Deaf and Blind, Romney, W. Va., 1878-1886; Knapp institution, Baltimore, Md.; St. John Catholic School, St. Francis, Wis. Does not belong to any society or club. Lost hearing at

two from scarlet fever (partial.) Stockholder in corporations, land-owner, speculator. Inherited a good sized fortune from his father.

**STENGELR, HENRY.** Born in 1857, at New York, N. Y. Porter in First National Bank, Lordsburg, New Mexico. Cannot speak or lip-read; excellent sign-maker. Attended New York Institution for the Deaf (Fanwood), 1868-1880. Member National Association of the Deaf. Lost hearing at two from a fall (total.) No deaf relatives. Married, 1884, to Georgianna Everest (deaf); three hearing children, all living.

**STERBLING, HERMAN WALTER.** Born in 1901, at New Orleans. Painter. Lives in New Orleans. Cannot speak or lip-read; signs. Attended Louisiana School for the Deaf at Baton Rouge. Lost hearing at nine months. No deaf relatives.

**STEVENSON, PRESTON LINCOLN.** Born August 22, 1860, at Dayton, Montgomery Co., Ohio. Deputy Recorder (Examiner of Titles and Abstractor of Title) with Hancock Co. Recorder. Cannot speak or lip-read; signs. Attended school from Sept. 1870 to June 15, 1880. Does not give name or place. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, Toledo Division No. 16; National Association of the Deaf and Ohio Abstractor's Association. Lost hearing at two from spinal meningitis (total.) No deaf relatives. Married, Nov. 2, 1887, to Ida Elmina Emery (deaf); two hearing children; one dead; four grandchildren, all living. He is an expert sleight of hand performer and gives exhibitions under auspices of societies for benevolent purposes.

**SULLIVAN, ANDREW J.** Born August 27, 1869, at Philadelphia, Pa. Teacher at the Mississippi School for the Deaf. Excellent speaker, lip-reader and sign-maker. Attended Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, 1883-1885; Gallaudet College, 1891-1896. Attended Public Schools for two years. Member N. F. S. D.; Knights of Columbus. Lost all hearing at eight from concession of the brain. Has no deaf relatives. Married Elizabeth A. Ferguson, (deaf). Has no children. Teacher, two years at North Carolina School for the Deaf at Raleigh, 1898-1900; 18 years at Louisiana School for the Deaf at Baton Rouge, 1901-1919; with Goodyear Rubber Co., 1919-1920. Teacher, Mississippi School for the Deaf at Jackson, 1920, to date. Correspondent for the "Mt. Airy World," 1895-1896; "Register," Rome, N. Y., 1896-1898. Local and Associate Editor of the "Buff and Blue," 1894-1896. President Akron Branch of N. A. D. Held other offices in Philadelphia and elsewhere.

**TANZAR, MARY.** Born, January 1st, 1885, at New York City, N. Y. Housekeeper. Home address: 4812 Forestville Ave., Chicago, Ill. Cannot speak. Fair lipreader. Excellent signmaker. Attended New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf, 1891-1906. Member, Pas-a-Pas Club and Auxiliary Silent Athletic Club; I. A. D. and N. A. D. Lost hearing at two from scarlet fever, total. Has one deaf relative.

**TAYLOR, CLARA SHUTTS.** Born, August 21, 1868, at Hannibal, Owego County, New York. Teacher at the Arkansas School for the Deaf. Business address: School for the Deaf, Little Rock, Arkansas. Home address: 1229 West North St., Kalamazoo, Michigan during the summer. Fair speaker, excellent lipreader and sign-maker. Attended Central New York Institute for the Deaf, Rome, New York, 1875-1891. Member, N. A. D.; Kalamazoo Chapter War Mothers; Parent-Teachers Association. Married to Martin M. Taylor, deaf. Has six children, hearing. One dead. Supervisor of girls, Central New York Institution for the Deaf and sub-teacher, 1890-1893.

**TAYLOR, MARTIN MILFORD.** B.A. Born, April 16, 1867, at South Berlin, New York. Teacher, at the Arkansas School for the deaf. Lives at 1229 W. North St., Kalamazoo, Mich., during the summer. Can speak, lipread and sign. Attended Central New York Institution for the Deaf, 1876-1887. Gallaudet College, 1887-1892. Member, National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Lost hearing at five from spinal meningitis, total. Married, August 16, to Clara Shutts, deaf. Has six children, hearing. One dead. No deaf relatives. Teacher, at Devils Lake School for the Deaf, 1892-1895, also editor of the Banner there. Printer and jobber for E. Nassau, New York, 1895-1903. Printer in publishing company in Kalamazoo, Mich., 1905-1920. Missionary to deaf-mutes, Western Michigan diocese (Episcopal) 1911-1914.

**TODD, AMOS R.** Date and place of birth unknown. About 45 years old. Printer, at the Texas School for the Deaf. Member, N. A. D. and N. F. S. D. Cause of deafness unknown. Printer, in Memphis, Tenn., for several years. Now instructor in the Texas School for the Deaf.

**TODD, JOHN AMOS.** Born September 7, 1886, at Union City, Tenn. Printing Instructor at the Texas School for the Deaf, Austin, Texas. Home address: 1401 South Congress Avenue. Attended Tennessee School for the Deaf, Knoxville, Tenn., 1894-1903. Member N. F. S. D.; N. A. D.; Austin Pastime Club of the Deaf and Ephatha Bible Class of Memphis. Lost hearing at the age of three from ulcer, partial. No deaf relatives. Married, December 24, 1917, to Pearl Hicks, deaf, but can talk. Has one hearing child.



## President Cloud's Address

*Delivered before the members of the National Association of the Deaf at the Atlanta Convention, August 13-18, 1923:*

The invitation to hold the Fourteenth Triennial Convention of the National Association of the Deaf at Atlanta was entirely unsolicited and wholly unexpected. Moreover it came as a complete surprise. Only two years ago Atlanta entertained in royal fashion the Eighth Triennial Convention of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, which many of you attended. With all due appreciation of the entertainment accorded the Society in other cities the entertainment accorded it here in Atlanta was after the manner and on a scale befitting the famed hospitality of the South and eclipsed anything of the kind previously attempted in the history of the N. F. S. D. With such an enviable record to her credit it was generally supposed that Atlanta would once more resume "the even tenor of her way," and take a "much needed rest." But Atlanta did nothing of the kind. No sooner was the entertainment of the N. F. S. D. practically out of the way than she took upon herself the still greater task of entertaining our Association which, at its previous convention at Detroit, had the largest attendance of the deaf in the history of the world. So here we are. Atlanta's courage and Atlanta's enterprise command our unstinted admiration. Atlanta is commonly referred to as being "the heart of the South." The heart of the South certainly is in the right place.

Like most great enterprises our Association had a modest beginning. At the first convention held, in Cincinnati 43 years ago 81 members enrolled. Our first local chairman and first president, Mr. R. P. MacGregor, tells me that the total expense incurred in getting the first convention under way amounted to less than ten dollars. At our previous convention at Detroit 2589 members enrolled and the Local Committee handled a fund amounting to \$5,215.19. From being an affair of a few individuals the entertainment of our conventions became a city, later a state, and now it is a sectional affair, the affair of the Southern section, with the magic city of Atlanta as the hostess.

Only those who have gone through the long and trying experience of convention preparation work can well appreciate the magnitude of such an undertaking and the detail necessary to bring it to a successful conclusion. As one who has kept in close touch with the Local, the Program, and other Committees having the convention preparations in hand, I beg to express my great admiration and hearty appreciation of their most willing, efficient, and self-sacrificing work. In thus voicing my appreciation and thanks I truly believe I am speaking for every member of this Association. I also thank, individually and collectively, the members of the Executive Board and of the various Bureaus and Committees for their cordial, efficient, and effective co-operation. The numerous papers and magazines throughout the country devoted to the welfare of the deaf, with possibly an exception here and there, have been quite friendly towards our Association and have done much to promote its objectives. To such helpful friends we extend our sincere thanks and bespeak their continued interest. Among these are the SILENT WORKER, *The Deaf-Mutes' Journal*, *The Frat*, *The Jewish Deaf*, *The Deaf Citizen*, and last but not least, *The National Optimist*, published here in Atlanta, the latest addition to the "little paper family", have been especially helpful. They have earned and should be accorded the appreciation and patronage of our membership.

For several years prior to the Detroit convention our Association issued a small quarterly bulletin, *The Nad*, which was sent free to members. The work required in getting out this bulletin, the increase in the cost of paper, printing, and the added cost of postage incident to the unprecedented growth in membership, made it more and more expensive and difficult to get it out regularly. Fortunately, something over a year ago the publishers of THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J., an old established illustrated monthly magazine having a large general circulation, offered sufficient space for all official Association matter in their periodical, together with a reduction of 25 per cent. in the subscription price to members, and without cost to the Association. This offer was considered advantageous to the Association and was accepted. The new arrangement took effect in the issue of THE SILENT WORKER for July, 1922, and, to the best of my knowledge and belief, it has proven to be quite satisfactory to all concerned.

There have been a number of additions to the life membership list of our Association since the ten dollar fee became effective at Detroit. This fee places life membership in the Association within the reach of every one. And every one should take advantage of it, our hearing friends who are eligible to

associate membership,—as well as the deaf. Eventually if not soon the entire membership of the Association will be composed of life members. Had the 2589 members at Detroit enrolled as life members, as they could and should have done, the endowment fund of our Association, into which all life membership fees go, would now exceed \$25,000. This together with additional fees constantly coming in would soon afford sufficient income whereby the Association would be enabled to maintain headquarters with a paid official in charge giving all of his time to Association affairs. Until such a development has been reached we will be handicapped in our efforts to educate the public as to the deaf and get a square deal for ourselves.

The Branch idea of affiliation with the National Association seems to be gaining in favor. There has been an increase in the number of State and City Branches. The New Jersey State Branch has sent an official delegate to this convention. Other Branches may have done likewise. As Branches multiply in number the delegate plan of representation will come more prominently to the fore. There should be no hesitation on the part of State Associations to affiliate with the N. A. D. By so doing they will lose none of their present rights or prerogatives and will gain in the prestige and power that comes with affiliation. Members of our Association are urged to work for the affiliation of their respective state organizations with our National Association.

Since the previous convention it has been found advisable to create two new Bureaus. One was for the Investigation of certain stocks and shares which the deaf have been urged to buy. In this work our Association has been officially affiliated with the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf which co-operation has been advantageous to members of both organizations and also to non-members. This Bureau was composed of Mr. Samuel Frankenheim, of New York, representing the N. A. D., Mr. J. C. Howard, of Duluth, and Mr. A. L. Roberts, of Chicago, representing both organizations. The other, The Traffic Bureau, in charge of Mr. W. W. Beadell, Arlington, N. J., aims to secure for deaf autoists the freedom of the public highways. Notable progress has been made, as Mr. Beadell's report will show, but much still remains to be done. Mr. Beadell, fortunately, is located in the territory whence comes the greatest opposition to deaf autoists, is deeply interested in the matter, and eminently well qualified to contend for our rights on the road. The deaf of the country should keep a careful watch for hostile legislation in their respective communities and report every case to Mr. Beadell who will be glad to render such assistance as his Bureau may be able to give. Deaf autoists are especially cautioned against being responsible for any accident, or infraction of the traffic rules so as not to endanger the rights already secured and others for which we are contending. The American Association for the Promotion of Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, and the American Convention of Instructors of the Deaf, have both gone on record as favoring the deaf autoists, otherwise qualified, being accorded the same privileges as people who possess normal hearing. This is a matter concerning which all the deaf are united in a common objective regardless as to how or where educated or at what age or from what cause deafness resulted. I am sure the members of this Association appreciate the endorsement of the Speech and Instructors Associations of our contention for equal rights on the public highways. The deaf of the District of Columbia with the co-operation of President Hall of Gallaudet College, and of Pennsylvania under the aggressive leadership of the Rev. F. C. Smielau, are the latest victors in their contention for equal rights and to them we extend our hearty congratulations.

It is very gratifying to record the recent creation of a Division for the Deaf in the Department of Printing and Labor in North Carolina. The general provisions of the act follow closely the Minnesota law enacted in 1913, which is the pioneer in its special field and the basis of a similar proposition brought to the attention of Congress in 1914 where it is still pending. I am convinced that in course of time there will be a Labor Bureau or Division for the Deaf in practically every state. Members of this Association are urged to work for such a Bureau or Division in their home states, and also for better and up to date industrial instruction in the school. The handicap of deafness is serious, not because it incapacitates a man from working, for it does not, but because it acts in many cases as an almost unsurmountable barrier to his obtaining work. The general public does not know the deaf and not knowing them is not always inclined to give them a square deal in the matter of employment. The deaf do not ask for pity or sympathy, but they do ask for a fair opportunity in positions they are capable of filling. A Bureau or Division for the Deaf in the State Department of



Labor, in charge of a capable official, will help ameliorate the usual difficulties in the matter of obtaining employment. It will serve as a clearing house between the man and the job. It will enlighten employers, where need be, as to the capabilities of deaf workers. It will seek to minimize prejudices and misunderstandings as affecting the deaf workers. It will pave the way for new vocations and steady employment. Its influence will also be reflected on the industries as taught in the schools. We know that where the deaf have been given a fair trial and a square deal they have made good. Mr. Henry Ford, who needs no introduction to any audience, in the story of his life published in McClure's Magazine, says of the many deaf workmen employed in his factories: "No particular consideration has to be given to the deaf and dumb employees. They do their work 100%." Mr. Sherman of the Sherman Woolen Mills in Des Moines, speaking to Mr. Gemmill, Secretary of the Iowa State Board of Education, concerning the deaf women employed in the mills says: "They attend strictly to business, take directions well, and they do good honest work." Such testimonials can be multiplied many times over and still leave a vast area of virgin soil for a Labor Bureau for the Deaf to cultivate.

Since the Detroit convention Mr. Anton Schroeder of St. Paul, member and treasurer of the De l'Epee Memorial Statue Committee since the inception of the project in 1913, resigned as treasurer and also as a member of the Committee. An audit of his accounts was arranged for through Mr. J. C. Howard of the Howard Investment Co., Duluth, and after the same had been duly certified the fund was transferred for temporary custody to the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Samuel Frankenheim of New York. Mr. Schroeder's services on the Committee are appreciated and he has our thanks. Mr. Henry L. Stafford, of Duluth, was appointed to the vacancy on the Committee and later to the chairmanship thereof Mr. Frankenheim electing to continue as treasurer. We bespeak the renewed and continued interest on the part of the deaf and their friends in America in the project designed to erect a fitting memorial to the world's founder of deaf-mute instruction.

About ten years ago our Association undertook to raise a fund with which to repair the Gallaudet monument located on the grounds of the American School at Hartford. By the time a sufficient amount had been raised for that purpose it was decided to remove the Hartford School to a new location. This would necessitate the removal of the monument also as the ground on which it stood had been sold. The Hartford School authorities objected to the erection of the monument on the new site claiming that its design made it more fitting for a cemetery. After further consideration it was proposed to place on the new school site at Hartford a replica of the Gallaudet statue group erected in 1889 by this Association on the grounds of Gallaudet College Washington. The replica proposition has the approval of the Hartford School officials. As the estimated cost of the replica is considerable in excess of what it would have cost to repair the monument and still more than the amount the Committee has on hand, there should be a pre-arranged nation wide effort to complete the replica fund by next December 10th, Gallaudet Day, if possible. The deaf of the country and their friends are asked to join in a spurt of enthusiasm in an effort to put the fund over the top by that time. The report of the Committee having the matter in charge will go more into detail. Dr. J. B. Hotchkiss, treasurer of the Committee, died recently and Mr. John O. Rourke, of Maine, was appointed to the vacancy and Mr. H. D. Drake of Washington appointed treasurer.

While our several funds in general are being raised to be expended on certain definite objectives our Endowment Fund is intended to remain with us forever. It is designed to become the principal source of revenue needed to enable our Association to efficiently carry on for the welfare of all the deaf all the time. Hence every possible means consistent with rational finance should be employed to increase the fund. Life membership fees go into this funds hence the importance of life memberships and still more life memberships. One small bequest has been added to the fund which we hope will become the forerunner of liberal donations and remembrances by will. The term of Mr. James M. Stewart, of Michigan, treasurer and trustee of the fund, expires with this convention and I would like to suggest that he be elected to succeed himself.

The Motion Picture Fund Committee has several problems with which to contend and which have curtailed the activities of the Committee somewhat. The report to the convention will give the details. Whatever action is taken will, I trust, give encouragement to the Committee.

The report of the Committee on Laws was not received in time for publication sixty days in advance of the meeting of the convention consequently any changes in the By-Laws of

our Association will require a four-fifths favorable vote in convention. A duplicate copy of the report, signed by the Chairman Mr. J. W. Howson of California, was sent me less than a month ago. While brief it contains important recommendations deserving of careful consideration should they come up for action at this convention. Among other things it is proposed to change section 2 of article 5 so as to read: "The place for holding each succeeding meeting shall be decided in convention by the members assembled." On the face of it such a proposal seems to be reasonable enough. It presupposes a number of invitations on hand from which the convention is to make a selection. The present rule provides that the Executive Board shall decide the place of the next convention,—a rule which has worked well in practice and which I trust the convention will see fit to retain. It sometimes happens that a convention adjourns before receiving any invitation bearing on the next meeting place other than the Chamber of Commerce invitations which go after all conventions. It has been customary for the deaf citizens of a community in order to secure the holding of a convention of our Association in their city, to organize and ask for it. At St. Paul the convention instructed the Executive Board to give favorable consideration to the invitation from St. Louis which was done. The Cleveland convention instructed the executive Board to call a special meeting of the Association at San Francisco to be followed by a regular meeting at Hartford which was done. Such recommendations from the convention have all the force of an order which the Executive Board cannot afford to disregard. With an outstanding attraction some three years hence the convention can continue to instruct the Executive Board as to where the next meeting should be held. But the present discretionary power vested in the Executive Board should be retained.

Our Association adjourned at Hartford without any invitation to meet elsewhere being received. A few weeks later I visited Detroit, met with several of the leading citizens of that city, and dropped the suggestion that the Association be invited to hold its next meeting there. The suggestion took form, the invitation was soon extended, duly accepted by the Executive Board and the result was the greatest convention of the deaf ever held. When our Association adjourned at Detroit no invitation from the deaf of any community had been received. Not long afterwards invitations came from Duluth and Atlanta with the result you all know. In the light of experience we had better let well enough alone in so far as applies to the selection of our next convention place.

It does not appear to me that the present rule governing the voting by proxy is the last word on the subject. I believe certain limitations should surround the proxy vote to make it more equitable. There should be a limit to the number of proxies a member may hold. It might be well to restrict a member to proxies from his home state. Life members only might be authorized to transfer their proxies. It is my opinion that for the present only life members should be allowed to vote by proxy. Later on, with the increase in the number of life memberships, in case we should not begin at this convention, a member may vote only life membership proxies from his home state. Life members are supposed to have a permanent interest in the Association which may not always be the case with annual members, a number of whom continue for one convention only. To confine the proxy vote to life memberships will be an added incentive to such class of membership. Life membership proxies will greatly simplify the work of the Committee on Credentials. To confine a member to proxies from his home state will tend to make the proxy vote more truly representative than the present arrangement which permits a member to cull proxies wherever available.

At the Detroit convention the offices of Secretary and Treasurer were merged into one. With a salaried Secretary-Treasurer giving all his time to Association affairs such an arrangement would be admirable. But until the Association is well able to maintain headquarters with a paid official in charge the dual office, in my judgment, involves too much work on the part of any one who has a living to make in other than Association work. I would therefore recommend that the offices of Secretary and Treasurer be divorced and the arrangement which existed prior to the Detroit convention be restored.

The Journal of the American Medical Association, having offices at 635 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, has issued a 44 page pamphlet, (obtainable for fifteen cents), exposing fake instruments and quack medicine for the cure of deafness. In its fearless fight against quackery the American Medical Association has rendered a service which merits the thanks to be restored.

Since our previous convention the repulsive hydra head of politics, happily not in evidence as frequently as formerly, has

reappeared to trouble the professional tranquility and progressive efficiency of at least two of our State Schools for the Deaf,—notably in Illinois and Kansas. In each case personal and professional qualifications, interest and experience in the work, and commendable service were brutally disregarded to make way for a party man. The grade of men borne into executive positions in our schools for the Deaf on the incoming tide of political change are seldom of the type that ever would have attained such positions on merit. If our schools are to be made attractive in the best sense of the word to men qualified by character and training for successful careers as educators of the deaf politics must be eliminated. A long step towards such a desired end would be to give the schools a purely educational classification in such states where they are not already so classified and controlled. Members of this Association in states which do not accord their State School for the Deaf an educational classification should do all in their power to secure such a classification and keep at it until success has crowned their efforts. The arrangement that obtains in Iowa affords a feasible and simple working model. The outstanding utility of the present arrangement in Illinois and Kansas is as an example of what should not be followed in other states.

It is customary at universities to give students credits for language mastery and it is gratifying to note that George Washington University at Washington, D. C., allows credit for a knowledge of the sign language equal to what is allowed for any other language. Such a deserved recognition of our beloved sign language by a leading University cannot fail to greatly please us all. For having taken the initiative in such an important matter George Washington University has set a worthy example to other universities and merits our grateful appreciation. It is my impression that Miss Elizabeth Peet of the faculty of Gallaudet College at Washington was an influential factor in bringing about university recognition of the sign language. It is also a matter of common knowledge that Miss Peet is a strong advocate of the use of the sign language in its pristine purity free from slang signs and from signs that indicate a deterioration from clear and graceful expression. Miss Peet deserves our hearty commendation in her efforts in behalf of the cultivation, preservation, and recognition of the sign language.

Too many of the teachers in our schools can neither use signs nor manual spelling and do not think it at all necessary that they should do so. They are not interested in the use of correct signs nor able to appreciate what signs mean to the deaf. They very well know, but are not always willing to admit that the deaf will use signs. Such being the case the signs should be meaningful, clearly and gracefully executed, and as nearly as possible in the English order. Under the direction of a competent teacher signs are an invaluable educational aid. The sign language is not responsible for any deficiency in the use of the English language on the part of the deaf. The responsibility rests mainly with the teacher and failure to cultivate the reading habit. The language masters among the deaf are the readers. The method employed in their education is secondary. The sign language is a wonderful stimulus to mental development and should have an important and recognized place in every school for the deaf. Oralists who decry the sign language, and parents of deaf children who acquire a prejudice against the sign language by coming in contact with oralistic propaganda are in nearly every case themselves 100 per cent. ignorant of the sign language, ignorant of its scope, of its beauty, and of its value to the deaf both during and after the school age, and therefore disqualified to pass on the merits of what the deaf themselves approve with practical unanimity. The annual crop of data relating to the deaf may indicate an increase in the number of oral schools, in the number of oral teachers in the number of pupils being orally taught all of which does not necessarily mean that the deaf are receiving a better general education which to the deaf is of first importance.

It is a fact deserving of more than passing notice the schools having the greater number of successful student admissions to Gallaudet College to their credit are the schools employing a proportionally large number of deaf teachers. The very ordinary schools are to be found among those that have eliminated the deaf teacher or are being conducted with such an elimination in view. Our schools need qualified teachers and among these there should always be a fair proportion of deaf teachers.

In the fall of 1921 the Board of Trustees of the Clarke School for the Deaf at Northampton, Mass., inaugurated a drive for a fund at least \$500,000 wherewith to provide an income for the increase of teachers' salaries, for scholarships, and for the creation and conduct of a department of research

which would concern itself with all problems relating to the deaf and the dissemination of the knowledge thus secured. Ordinarily our good wishes and hearty co-operation would go out to a school having such an ambitious program as that announced by the Clarke. But the Clarke School from the very beginning has been a one method school, the oral, which method when generally and rigorously applied sacrifices in too many instances better education for indifferent speech and unreliable lip reading. Such a school is not one over which the deaf of either America or Europe are able to enthuse. We who know the problems of deafness from within understand and appreciate as no others can the limitations as well as the values in methods of instruction. Time and again this Association has gone on record as favoring a judicious application of all approved methods, the adaptation of the method to the needs of the individual child, commonly known as the combined system. Nothing could be more unwarranted or preposterous than the oralistic claim that the oral method is the only method meriting recognition in the scheme of educating the deaf. Owing to the biased position on the question of methods which the Clarke School has occupied since its establishment in 1867 we are decidedly skeptical about its willingness to permit its department or research approach all problems relating to the deaf with impartial fairness. We will be most agreeably surprised if it does.

Along with the appeal for funds for the Clarke School went a pamphlet bearing the title: "The Land of Silence" from which the following extract is taken: "Historically it (the Clarke School) is the mother of the oral system in America, which released the deaf from the system of signs and finger spelling, and in a generation, bridged the gap between the stone age and modern times in so far as those denied the gift of hearing are concerned."

The foregoing statement from the first letter to the closing period does not contain a scintilla of truth. Conceived in good intentions and born of excessive zeal, as may have been the case, does not make the statement any the less offensive. It is a characteristic piece of oralistic propaganda. And it is false. To consign the great number of highly educated deaf of the period preceding the advent of the Clarke School as belonging to the stone age is a wholly undeserved reflection on the deaf and the educators of the deaf of that period. And there were giants in these days. Among the deaf may be named Edmund Booth, Melville Ballard, John Carlin, H. C. Rider, Selah Wait, Isaac Benedict, John B. Hotchkiss, Amos G. Draper, W. S. Johnson, James A. Logan, Sidney J. Vail, Robert King, James Parkinson, William Bird, Will L. Hill, James Dennison, Robert Patterson, Robert MacGregor, Dudley W. George, Willis Hubbard, Mary Toles, Peet, Agnie Fuller Fisher, David Tillinghast, Austin W. Mann, and a host of others. Among the more prominent educators of that period may be named the Gallaudets, the Peets, the Fays, Turner, Stone, Jacobs, Porter, Noyes, Gillet, Walker, Johnson, and many more. And the oralists marvel that we feel offended at their clever, so it seems to them, exploitation of the deaf and of persons of position and prominence.

There was recently unveiled at the Florida School for the Deaf at St. Augustine of a memorial tablet erected in honor of the founder of the School—Thomas Hines Coleman. The admirable feature in connection with the unveiling of such an enduring token of honor and esteem was that Mr. Coleman himself was present. Bouquets thus fittingly bestowed during one's lifetime are more likely of greater appreciation than when placed on one's bier.

In the field of philanthropy it is pleasing to record the recent opening in Chicago of a Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf of Illinois. It is a fine institution, the property of the Illinois State Association of the Deaf, commodious, well located, an ornament to the city and a credit to the state. Similar Homes have already been established in New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio with an excellent prospect of Indiana soon being added to the list. Home funds are being raised in Missouri, Minnesota, and several other states. Such projects are deserving of our hearty support.

A year ago there passed away a distinguished inventor well known to the deaf,—Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Historically he will be remembered as the inventor of the telephone. In a sense he was interested in the deaf. His wife was deaf. For an extended period he was the outstanding advocate of the teaching of speech to the deaf and of laws compelling the use of speech methods in schools for the deaf. He also did considerable publicity work in matters concerning the deaf. A lovable man, a distinguished citizen, an inventor, generous in his benefactions to the causes he favored, Dr. Bell occupied a place too much in opposition to that favored by the educated deaf generally for them to regard



him as either a friend, teacher, benefactor, or philanthropist.

During the last triennial period several notable workers in the field of education and philanthropy deserving of special mention have passed away. Dr. Warren Robinson, of Wisconsin was not an active member of our Association at the time of his death but he rendered efficient service during the period of his membership. He was especially interested in industrial matters, established and ably conducted an industrial magazine, and served as chairman of the industrial section of the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf. Mr. J. B. Bumgardner, of New Mexico, and Mr. J. H. Eddy, of Arkansas, were our Association's organizers in their respective states, valued teachers and uplifting influences in their respective communities. Dr. John B. Hotchkiss was with us at Detroit, one of the few conventions he personally attended but he was long an active worker and served as treasurer of the Gallaudet (Hartford) Monument Repair Fund Committee since the inception of the project at Colorado Springs in 1910. Among our hearing friends who have entered the realm beyond our ken, one which we can discern only with the eye of faith, may be named the Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain, of New York; Dr. W. N. Burt, of Western Pennsylvania; I. B. Wright, of Michigan; Dr. W. K. and Mrs. Belle Argo, of Colorado; W. C. McClure, of Missouri; Dr. E. A. Fay and Miss Sarah H. Porter, of Washington; Janinanth Banerji, of Calcutta, and H. C. Hammond. Dr. Argo was one of the truly great men in the profession, great in ability, and in achievement. He was of deaf parentage and his personal interest in his special field was life long. Mr. W. C. McClure, also of deaf parentage, son of the Kentucky School, was a young man of conspicuous ability and great promise. Mr. Banerji, trained in the Normal Department at Gallaudet College, was the pioneer educator of the deaf in India. Miss Sarah Porter, beloved of the Normals, was a forceful advocate of rational methods in education and early revolted against the preposterous claims of the ultra oralists. Dr. Fay, long a Gallaudet professor and editor of the *Annals of the Deaf*, was a recognized authority of international reputation on matters concerning the deaf.

In the filling the vacant superintendencies in our school, for the deaf the Board of Managers of the Colorado and Missouri Schools followed a course deserving of special commendation. They disregarded party lines and state limitations and sought out men of character, ability, special training and successful experience in deaf work. And they found them. The promotions thus made opened the way for advancement of others in the profession which goes a long way in encouraging the right type of men to enter the profession confident that in time due recognition would be given conspicuous merit. The Colorado School secured the services of Mr. Thomas S. McAloney who had previously disqualified himself for the presidency of the United States by being born in Ireland. It is well that he did so else he might not as now be among the foremost educators of the deaf in this country. A successful teacher, an able executive, of broad sympathies he is a high type of the kind of men needed in the work.

His view point concerning the sign language is such, I think, as will meet the cordial approval of the deaf everywhere. In a recent interview with Mr. McAloney he stated that regardless of the method used in the education of the deaf it would be to the lasting advantage of every deaf pupil to acquire a full, clear, orderly, and graceful command of the sign language before leaving school. Missouri enlisted the services of Mr. E. S. Tillinghast of the Oregon School, hailing originally from North Carolina, and of deaf parentage. In this connection we are pleased to recall a very able paper Mr. Tillinghast read before the meeting of the National Educational Association at Portland in 1917 on: "The Oral Method of Education of the Deaf." It was a well balanced, accurate and convincing presentation of the subject and delivered at a time and under circumstances calculated to do a great deal of good. In the course of his address Mr. Tillinghast said: "When we come to study the attitude of these graduates of combined schools towards the sign language, and of many graduates of pure oral schools also, who have later found opportunity to learn this language, there is never any question of doubt as to where they stand. With passionate, and we might add pathetic, intensity and unanimity, they proclaim its value to them. Not one in ten thousand would be willing to have his knowledge of it blotted out of his mental equipment, even those who have a wide reputation for exceptional ability in speech and speech reading." Mr. Tillinghast's paper was later reprinted for general distribution by our Association and is still helping "to educate the public as to the deaf."

The Alumni Association of Gallaudet College has undertaken to raise a fund wherewith to erect an administration

building on the College grounds at Washington as a memorial to the founder and long time president of the College,—Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet. It is a most worthy project to which all the deaf and their friends should give their hearty good will and enthusiastic co-operation. The deaf of this country have benefitted immensely through the influence of Gallaudet College and it is not at all necessary to have been a student there in order to join in the general appreciation.

Since the founding of Gallaudet College in 1864 to this day it has been the only college for the deaf in the world. Colleges and universities for the hearing youth of the land are conveniently located all over the country. But Gallaudet College is far removed from the homes of a great majority of the students who attend. The deaf must make the long and expensive trip to and from Washington or else forego the benefits of the college course. In some states provision has been made, but not always continued, for the payment of the transportation of Gallaudet students to and from Washington, which is the fair thing to do, since the states do not provide for the higher education of the deaf within their own borders. It is my hope that members of this Association will interest themselves in the matter and co-operate with the proper agencies in their home states to the end that states defray the travelling expenses of their students attending Gallaudet College.

The Kentucky School at Danville is on the eve of celebrating the centennial anniversary of its establishment. I know you all will be glad to join in extending to the Kentucky School the hearty congratulations and best wishes of this Association. Beginning with "Old Hartford" six years ago school centennials have been in order. The New York (Fanwood) School joined the ranks of centenarians in 1918. The Pennsylvania School (Mt. Airy) did likewise in 1920. The Kentucky School stands fourth on the list. It was a wonderful leap a hundred years ago from

*"That delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,  
Guarding the sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,"*

to the "Dark and Bloody Ground" of "No Man's Land." But Kentucky made it. In addition to its long and honorable existence as a seat of sound learning and high ideals the Kentucky School can point with pride to a record of one hundred years untroubled by the bane and blight of politics.

The presence of the Tennessee School band as a convention feature is an innovation which will doubtless please many. The liberality of Mr. Thomas S. Marr, of Nashville, and the very willing co-operation of the Superintendent of the Tennessee School, Mrs. H. T. Poore, have gone a long way in making the presence of the band possible. We wish the efficient band master, Mr. Frederic W. Fancher, and every player who has accompanied him here, to know that their services are very much appreciated.

In looking over the audience I note the absence of the sweet face of one who was very much in evidence at Detroit,—little Miss Eickhoff, our youngest life member, then four years old. With such an early start here is hoping that some day she may become the president of our Association.

In conclusion I beg to thank you for your kind and considerate attention and bespeak for you all a pleasant and profitable convention.

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Just keep on smilin' cheerfully  
If hope is nearly gone,  
And bristle up and grit your teeth  
And keep on keepin' on.

Edited by Thomas J. Blake

"A trade for every  
deaf man."

### The Secret of Fred, Brant's Phenomenal Success As Workman

By Anton Schroeder

"No success without perseverance and skill!"

When one reaches the top of his chosen calling he certainly is worthy of double honor. Excellent result is what counts most in business, no matter what handicap he has. He who attains a reputation not reached by others as a skillful workman can always and does deserve the highest salary. Herewith is the cut and biography of Mr. Fred Brant, of Minneapolis, Minn., who has successfully attained a reputation as the most skillful printer and stoneman in the northwest. It is for this reason that his service has always been in a steady demand, being able



Fred. Brant and his family. Both children have been married

to do the work of two or three men. He is about the highest salaried printer in the city, even higher than that of his foreman, and is not laid off even when the work is slack.

He was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1870, and for several years attended the Day School there, which was established largely through the efforts of his father. When quite a young boy he moved to St. Paul, Minn., and attended the Minnesota State School for the Deaf at Faribault for two years. After learning the printing trade there he has followed this trade for forty years and today he is regarded as a champion stone-man. He has held position as foreman in several different shops, giving most excellent satisfaction, despite his deafness. He is now a man of means, owning some valuable property which he earned all himself. As a reward for his skill and thrift he is receiving a comfortable income from his property. He has recently purchased several fine lots in Robinsdale, a suburb near Minneapolis, and has put up a building thereon. He has a nice



Mr. Brant's Chevrolet car. Mrs. Brant holding her grandchild. The young girl standing on left is her daughter

Chevrolet car, in which he makes his trip to and from work every day. He was treasurer of the St. Paul Division No. 61, N. F. S. D., and is now its president, having been elected last January.

His unusual success and prosperity should be an inspiration to others who wish to enjoy the fruit of his work. The fact that it is more necessary for the deaf than the hearing to be well trained in some good trade is generally admitted. In order to do this successfully he must have more than ordinary perseverance and skill in work. In addition to this he must have a fair education by all means. The importance of all this cannot be overestimated, as the competition in the battle of life is very keen nowadays. Therefore the deaf who can accomplish as much, if not more than the hearing, is certainly worthy of triple honor, considering his handicap. All honor to Fred!



This is the large modern duplex house which Fred Brant built himself and as a result he is receiving good incomes therefrom

# THE DEAF WORLD

Compiled by Kelly Stevens

Many persons of sound hearing, especially employers, have a particular penchant for misjudging the deaf or partially deaf, concerning their working ability.

I have found that nearly 90 per cent. of the deaf make as good workers as any reasonable employer could expect.

In fact the deaf worker has been rated in several instances a better and more efficient craftsman than most men possessed of normal hearing.

They are known to be more attentive, faster and neater workmen. It's because they think more and talk less during working hours. Think it over.—*Fred D. Heigle in Cleveland Press.*

This month, among the two thousand and more graduates to be presented for degrees at the University of California, Oscar D. Guire is a candidate for the degree of Master of Science in the college of Chemistry, which he no doubt will receive. The success of Mr. Guire, while an honor to his own efforts, reflects great credit on the California School for the Deaf and Gallaudet College in particular. After his graduation from Gallaudet he was given senior standing at the University, after careful investigation of his credentials. Were it not for a few more requirements, he would have been given graduate standing. As it was he took up senior work and received his degree in the regular course. The past year he has had graduate work in chemistry. He will likely continue his studies in an Eastern university for the Doctor's degree.

The California School has a long list of graduates who have distinguished themselves in scholastic attainments. All of these were educated by the combined method.—*California News.*

The educated deaf, almost without exception, are in favor of instructing deaf children orally if it is proved that they can progress just as rapidly as by another method. This writer, long in the school room, advocates the oral method for the first or second year of the child's training in order to ascertain his probable aptitude and chances of making satisfactory progress thereby. If, however, it appears impossible for the child to make much headway, he should at once be placed under another method to which his intellectual and physical faculties may respond. Some children will respond to any method or no method at all. That is according to individual endowment. It is for us to watch out for signs of what is within each child, his capabilities, and the sooner we do know and apply the proper effort, the better, quicker and more natural will be the development.

In the work of educating the deaf,

openmindedness should prevail. We all have our pet theories as to the best way of getting results, but we must be careful lest our conclusions become warped and thus render us liable to reject really satisfactory methods. In short, we must think of the child, rather than the method. Such reasoning is most natural. The deaf look at it that way. They look at it that way because they have experienced the difficulties that were the overcome of inability on the part of the teachers to adopt any other method by reason of long use of a single method and persistence in its employment, regardless of the capabilities of the individual pupil.

While on the subject, it might be well to explain the attitude of the educated deaf on the continuance of day schools for deaf children. In the past there has been much opposition to such schools, mainly because of the small classes and consequent inability to secure proper grading. Then, too, the lack of facilities for trade teaching, which are found in large state schools, turned their attention to the boarding schools. As the day schools have grown in numbers so that larger classes are possible, hence better grading, and as pupils are able to attend technical schools at certain hours, the attitude of the adult deaf has changed. They, however, do not give the day schools full support for only one valid reason, perhaps,—the question of methods. What they want to see in all schools is the employment of all known methods. As it is, only the oral method is used. If the day schools would change front and adopt what the adult deaf consider the most logical thing to do for the good of all, that is, if they would employ all methods of instruction so that each and every child might have the assurance that every thing possible is being done for his development and future usefulness, then there would be no further opposition to their existence in their community. The adult deaf also insist that day schools should have a proper proportion of skilled deaf teachers. They hold that no school is complete without them. The deaf teacher wields an influence over the children that is quite natural and that goes far to prepare them for even development from all angles of instruction. The deaf teacher in fact, is a living example for the plastic mind of the deaf child, which he will naturally emulate and thus make his mind more receptive to the training imparted by hearing teachers. Without the beneficial influence of the deaf teacher, the adult deaf maintain that the whole process of training in such a school is artificial and therefore void of dependable results. Their argument does not seem to be wholly wrong. In fact it is more convincing than otherwise and this writer is inclined to bear testimony from

his own experience as to the truthfulness and desirability of their convention.—*W. S. R. in California News.*

## LOS ANGELES DEAF-MUTE ROUTS BANDIT

KANSAS CITY, June 21.—Fred Satow, Los Angeles, deaf and dumb, dared the revolver fire of two negro bandits at the Essex Hotel, 739 Locust Street, the other night, and routed them after they had obtained money and jewelry from seven guests. One bandit fired a revolver shot at him and missed.

At a command all persons in the hotel office raised their hands. After a quick search of the other guests the bandits turned to Satow. He sprang forward, kicking over a chair, bruising his leg, and seized the bandit's revolver. The other bandit fired almost point blank at him and missed, the bullet striking a door. Both then ran.

## DEAF-MUTE WOMEN SOUGHT BY LAUNDRY TO SPEED UP WORK

CHICAGO, July 31.—In advertising for deaf and dumb women, Sidney Smith, proprietor of a big laundry, makes it clear he wants workers.

"I am not in business for my health," said Mr. Smith. "The reason I am advertising for deaf and dumb women is because they do not waste their time and mine in chattering and gossiping about everything under the sun except suds."

"I am tired to death of the endless clatter and clack of tongues and the consequent slowing down of business. I have two deaf and dumb women already and they stick to their work. They are each worth two of the other magpies.—*N. Y. World, July 31.*

## OBJECT TO A DEAF DRIVER, TWENTY STRIKE

Twenty men employed on a paving job in Salina went on a strike yesterday, and in an hour the men had been paid off and their places filled by men who come to this vicinity to work in the harvest fields. The strike was not over a money question, but they objected to filling a wagon with dirt which had a deaf driver. The strike was to have the driver discharge. The deaf driver still has his job while the strikers are looking for other jobs.—*Kansas City Times.*

## DUMB SISTERS POISONED

A young woman named Maag, living at Bulach, near Zurich, finding her younger sisters, Emma, aged 18, and Bertha, aged 19, both deaf-mutes, a burden to the family, gave them sandwiches sprinkled with arsenic, states the *Daily Express* Geneva correspondent. They died in agony on the following day. A doctor had signed the death certificates when a servant informed the police, and

an inquiry led to a confession by the elder sister. She was arrested, as also was her father, mother and two brothers.—*London Daily Express.*

#### DEATH CLAIMS A DISTINGUISHED EDUCATOR

Death claimed one of the most distinguished educators of the Deaf, since the founding of educational institutions in America by Gallaudet in 1817, when it took Edward Allen Fay, M. A., Litt. D., Sc. D., Ph. D., on the evening of Saturday, July 15th, at Washington, D. C., at the ripe age of eighty years.

His general health had not been good for three years. One year ago he underwent a surgical operation which gave promise of renewed health and an extended lease of life. About four months ago he began to fail, and gradually his vitality became more and more feeble, and the call when it came was not unexpected.

He taught the deaf continuously for a period of sixty years—three at the New York (Fanwood Institution, and fifty-seven years at Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C.

He was editor of the *American Annals of the Deaf* for half a century—from 1870 to 1920.

He became vice-president of Gallaudet College in 1875, the functions of which office he exercised with skill, fidelity and wisdom, for a period approximating forty-five years.—*Deaf-Mutes' Journal.*

#### DEAF MAN MODELS BUST OF PRESIDENT HARDING

Eugene E. Hannan, deaf and dumb sculptor of Washington, again has scored, being one of the prize-winners, among fifty contestants submitting designs for medals the awarded victors in water sports to be staged here during the Shriners' convention in June.

Although unable either to speak or hear, Hannan perfected himself in his art by study both in Paris and Madrid. He found life much simpler there, he said in a pencil-and-paper conversation—as he could converse with the average Latin by gestures.

Hannan's bust of President Harding, as a noble of the Mystic Shrine, is declared by those who have seen it to be one of the best likeness of the chief executive any artist has executed.

Miniatures of Harding in a tasseled red fez, and of Uncle Sam, decked out in full Shriner regalia, as host to the convention, are expected to be among the most popular souvenirs for visiting Shriners to carry back home with them.—*Deaf Citizen.*

#### A SUCCESSFUL DEAF ENGINEER

Mr. F. W. Tittle, a former pupil of the North Carolina School for the Deaf at Morganton, is very successful along his line—doing big business in electricity, engineering, plumbing and fire protection systems. He has been employed by the W. M. Ritter Lumber Company for twelve years and is said to be one of the most popular and well known men in western North Carolina.

Mr. Tittle is at present Hazel Creek's fast railway motor car engineer for the Ritter Company at Proctor, N. C. He has made many trips between Proctor and Bushnell over smoky mountains as far as Tennessee and South Carolina lines, and has run motor cars for many thousands of miles for the past nine years without any serious accidents.

Mr. Tittle is always ready to go on trips in any kind of weather, and in

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spite of his deafness and inability to speak, he has been able to carry passengers promptly and cheerfully over the rails and land them safely.

Those who know and have seen Mr. Tittle at his post, are loud in their praises and consider him the safest motor engineer in that section of the country. They have faith in his ability and they are now wondering how he does it, as he is deaf.—*Deaf Citizen.*

#### "DEAF-MUTE" GETS COMPLETE CURE AT CITY HOOSGOW

Henry Weaver who posed as a deaf-mute with resultant benefits in the form of nickels, dimes and quarters he collected from Good Samaritans, has completely recovered his powers of hearing and speech under the "thirteenth" degree as applied by City Detectives William Brandenburg and Hebert Akers.

Detective Brandenburg observed Weaver raking in the coin and had a hunch he wasn't as bad off as he appeared. Weaver was taken to police headquarters for investigation but he didn't savvy finger talk which made the police more skeptical. Then the police located a young woman Weaver had been visiting and she admitted to the officers that Weaver could talk plenty when he was in a love-making mood. In fact, officers said, she told them that Weaver wanted her to marry him and go to Texas where he said he could clean-up a comfortable living at the deaf-mute game.

First, second and third degrees failed to loosen Weaver's tongue so, then the plan of a higher degree of making their prisoner come around.

The officers discussed their "plans" in a cell adjoining that occupied by Weaver so that they might easily be overheard. They didn't say what they were going to do but Akers stated they ought not to do it; the public might complain. Then Brandenburg came back with the statement that the plan would be tried regardlessly and that they would not stop before Weaver passed out. They would give him a week to recover, the officers said, and then try it over again.

"Say, I can talk," came an emphatic voice from the adjoining cell, "and I aint deaf either."

Not only has Weaver recovered his powers of hearing and speech but he is improving his general physical condition by doing a hundred-day stretch on the city rock pile.—*Hot Springs (Ark.) News Era, June 28.*

#### NATIONAL PRESIDENT OF DEAF IS HONOR GUEST IN SPOKANE

H. C. Anderson of Indianapolis, grand president of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, is a guest in Spokane to-

day, and this evening at 8 o'clock will be honored at a meeting of the Spokane local at the Y. M. C. A.

Tomorrow night Mr. Anderson will be entertained at a banquet dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Sackville-West, 81220 Maple street, and Wednesday morning will leave for the Coast. At the meeting to-night from 75 to 125 Spokane deaf persons will be guests, and an almost equal number are expected to attend the gathering tomorrow.

Mr. Anderson is in charge of the mortgage and loan department of the Farmers' Trust back in the Indiana city, and has been president of the National Deaf association for 12 years.

"I am making a swing around the Pacific coast jurisdiction of the society, part officially and part as a recreation," said Mr. Anderson today, "and I aim to fraternize and stimulate local interest in the mission we are carrying out. While my home is in Indianapolis, the society's main office is in Chicago.

"The order which I represent is relatively small, not more than 5300 members, but it is exercising a correspondingly beneficial influence among our class. We have around \$460,000, in all funds, a reserve of nearly \$400,000, which we hope to graduate into the \$500,000 class by the end of the year. So notwithstanding our small membership, we are exceptionally strong and stable financially.

"The society is no different from the average fraternity for those who hear save only this; we are limited in membership to deaf alone. The society is 25 years old and pays sickness and accident and death benefits. We are licensed in 38 states and have about 98 units scattered all over the country, and we are now negotiating to enter Canada."

While in Spokane Mr. Anderson is stopping at the Davenport hotel and is being entertained by James H. O'Leary, chairman of the entertainment committee for the local society.

#### SAYS DEAFNESS IS NO HINDRANCE

RALEIGH, June 16.—The first review of the condition under which the deaf work in the State was issued yesterday in a report submitted to Commissioner of Labor and Printing M. L. Shipman, by Director J. M. Robertson, chief of the Deaf Bureau created in the department by the recent session of the General Assembly. Mr. Robertson has recently returned from a trip of inspection over the State.

The Bureau was created for the purpose of establishing a clearing house for deaf people, and placing them in touch



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with work throughout the State. Mr. Robertson, who is himself a deaf-mute, is taking a census of the deaf population, and making a survey of their working conditions. He finds the situation very satisfactory. Following is his report:

Mr. Robertson's report, which was made to Commissioner M. L. Shipman, head of the department, gives interesting details of visits made to Charlotte, Concord, Salisbury, Thomasville, Lexington, High Point, Greensboro, and Burlington.

"The Bureau of Labor for the Deaf," he says, "has been three months in existence, and it is some sort of gratification to have found a good many industrial employers in the towns I have visited, already informed about and willing to employ the deaf at the same wages they pay the hearing."

"In Charlotte I found sixteen negro deaf, nearly all of them making a good living from washing and ironing, cooking, house painting, carpentering and as bakers. They looked well-fed and clean, apparently receiving good money at their respective trades."

"Sunday morning in the city over thirty white deaf had a very nice Sunday school meeting. A close inquiry showed that most of them were in good employment; five girls and boys with McClaren Rubber Company, one press feeder, one a laundry foreman, one a hardware clerk, some good carpenters and painters, and the rest, textile workers."

The report declares that there are many good possibilities in the towns and cities visited which are not yet open to the deaf and employers at many places signified their willingness to employ deaf persons when there are openings.

Suggesting that rubber plants are able to use deaf persons in many capacities, Mr. Robertson declared that the largest tire and rubber plants at Akron, Ohio, now employ more than six hundred deaf persons. In his trip, he added, he "saw not one thing the deaf, either male or female, can not do intelligently and profitably."

"The most interesting person I ran across," says Mr. Robertson's report, "was Mr. J. M. Hudson, a middle-aged deaf grocery clerk at Spencer. He cannot hear or speak at all yet brings in far more money to the store, which is one of a chain of stores, than his own manager. All the customers, both white and negro, and literate and illiterate, find no trouble in telling him their wants."

With incredible efficiency Mr. Hudson conducts the business.

"Mr. Hudson has been nine years in the same store. Before this he was a carpenter by trade in a railroad shop. Something happened to his foot thus making necessary the removal of a part of it and also caused the loss of the use of one eye. He was thrown into severe difficulties. He limped from place to place peddling soap. One day he stopped and had a look into the grocery store where he now works. He signified to the present manager that he wanted to be a clerk in the store. In reply the manager told him if he could make thirty-five dollars just one day he would give him a job. Mr. Hudson went out and made that amount and since has been the most valued employee in the store."

"Once Mr. Hudson was off on a vacation and through a misunderstanding the customers made a protest against his being laid off and almost paralyzed the store's business. It was necessary to wire for Mr. Hudson to return, even though his vacation was not over."—*Deaf Citizen.*

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## Lest You Forget

We desire to remind the many readers of the SILENT WORKER—and there are about 30,000 of them—that the July issue completed Volume No. 35.

The management ventures the belief that the monthly visits of the magazine have been entertaining, edifying and elevating; that it has brought cheer and happiness into the lives of many deaf men and women; that it has encouraged and inspired them to be more progressive and to be better citizens.

Hundreds of subscriptions expired with the July number. Surely you will not want the magazine discontinued and we do not want to take your name off our mailing list either, so if you are one of those whose subscription has run out you will be doing yourself and us a favor by sending us your renewal at once, or hand it to the agent who represents us in your locality.

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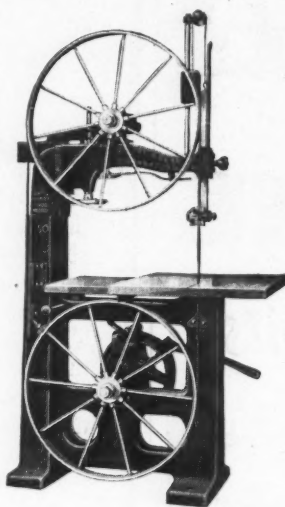
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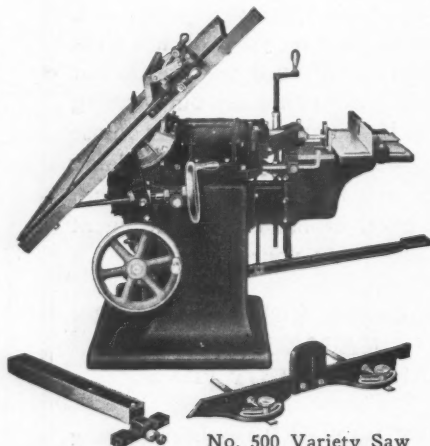
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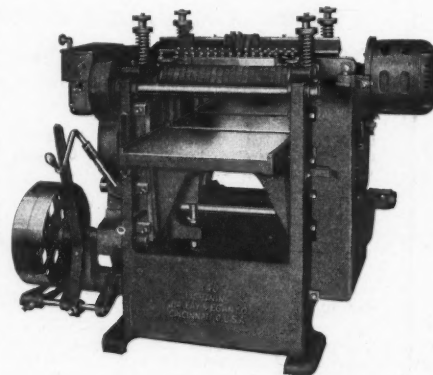
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Were you educated at a school for the deaf?  
 Did you learn speech and lip-reading?  
 Can you speak so that the people with whom you are thrown can understand what you say?  
 Can you understand the speech of people you meet socially and in business?

If so, surely you are anxious for all other children to have the opportunities that you had.

If not, then surely you wish the advantages of other deaf children to be better than your own.

Beyond a doubt, the average deaf child may be taught serviceable, intelligible speech, and may learn to understand the speech of those around him.

Also, beyond a doubt, many deaf children who are supposed to be taught speech and lip-reading, do not learn them well enough to rely upon them for communication with hearing people in after-school life. The reason for this is usually that they are not taught to rely upon them at school.

**The American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf** was organized at a time when very few deaf children in the United States were given the opportunity to learn to speak and read lips. Largely as a result of its efforts, speech and lip-reading are now taught in every school for white deaf children in this country.

The Association, through its agent, the Volta Bureau, and its publication, *The Volta Review*, is daily striving to promote BETTER SPEECH and BETTER CONDITIONS FOR LEARNING SPEECH in all the schools. Obviously it is the duty of all who are interested in the welfare of the deaf to support its efforts. The cost of membership in the Association is only \$3.00 a year, and includes a year's subscription for the *Volta Review*, the magazine that carries good cheer and the spirit of happiness into so many homes.

Send your address to THE VOLTA BUREAU, 1601 35th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., and you will receive information about the work of the Association and a sample copy of the *Volta Review*.

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# Vacations Are Over

---

Vacations are over and back to the school  
With its manifold duties we go.  
Vacations are over, the text book and rule,  
Instead of the fields, we must know.  
There are problems to solve, there are duties  
to do,  
There are thorn-bearded pathways to toil, to  
pursue,  
And, in spite of the pain, but a dastard would  
shirk,  
For life's greatest pleasure's the pleasure of  
work.

Vacations are over and back to the stress  
And the striving of life we must go.  
Vacations are over and onward we press  
Toward the goal that we hanker to know.  
There'll be mountains to climb, there'll be  
rivers to cross,  
With sorrow and pleasure and yearning and  
loss,  
There'll be many a tangle and many a quirk,  
But life's greatest pleasure's the pleasure to  
work.

Eily Mitchel